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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Temperance.

From the Wilmington Temperance Standard.

TO GEORGE F. WHITE, OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER V.

"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying: "Do not drink wine, nor strong drink; thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacles of the congregation, lest ye die:"—"that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean."—*Leviticus 10th chap.*, 8, 10, v.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—That the ancients had *at least* two kinds of wine, is evident from the simple fact, that the expressed juice of the grape is entirely changed by fermentation, and acquires qualities directly opposite to those which it had possessed previous to that process. Most of us are familiar with the changes that take place in the expressed juice of the apple. It contains nothing when freshly expressed, which did not before exist in the fruit. So of new wine. It is impossible that new wine should intoxicate. It cannot contain a particle of the intoxicating principle. It is a wholesome and a nourishing drink—incomparably more so than the juice of the apple.

But all its qualities are changed by fermentation. The sugar of the grape is decomposed and converted into alcohol. It is no longer the "fruit of the vine," but the fruit of fermentation. The nutritious quality of the wine is entirely destroyed. It now stimulates and irritates the surface of the stomach. It does not quench thirst, but rather increases it. It resists the process of digestion. Its spirituous particles are absorbed, and carried into the blood. They circulate through every portion of the body, diffusing their noxious influence in their whole course. They excite undue action in the heart, liver, brain, and the various organs. Such is the invariable effect of *fermented* wine on the healthy body.

That both these kinds of wine were used by the ancients, we have ample evidence. The pages of the Bible abound with melancholy proofs of the use and effects of fermented wine. The names of Noah and Lot, and Amnon and Elah, present familiar examples. All the drunkenness referred to in the scriptures, and against which the solemn denunciation of Holy Writ were given forth, proceeded from the use of fermented wine. Indeed, nearly all the intemperance which has afflicted the world from the earliest ages, until a very recent period, when the art of distillation was discovered, was the result of wine, made chiefly from grapes and from the juice of the palm tree.

That unfermented wine also was used as a drink in former times, would seem to require no proof.—We learn, from both sacred and profane history, that a high value was attached to it. The Pharaohs of Egypt, who had at their command the luxuries of the world, appear to have given them the preference, as we may infer from the dream of the chief butler. "I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup." Among the ancients this kind of wine was in high repute. It was often boiled down to the consistence of honey, in order to preserve it without fermentation. In this form, it is extensively used at the present day in the eastern countries. Thus prepared, it may be kept for any length of time, free from intoxicating or injurious qualities.

In drawing from the Bible a defence of the use of *intoxicating* wine, it must be proved that *intoxicating* wine is the kind referred to in the texts that are cited. This is palpable. Without such proof the defence falls to the ground.

But the advocates of wine-drinking, by authority of scripture, find no difficulty on this point. They assume the position that the wine of the Bible is the wine of modern times, of the same description as that which our market now supplies, with the facts staring them in the face which have lately been brought to light, showing the shameful frauds that are practised in the fabrication of these liquors. It is in vain to assure them that nine-tenths of the drinks which bear the name of wine in this country, are mere counterfeits; that they were never made from the juice of the grape, but compounded of whiskey and cider and various drugs. The *name* is enough; wine is wine, and the Bible sanctions its use.

The question here suggests itself, whether some of these unscrupulous advocates of wine-drinking do not really think more of their bottle than of their Bible; and whether they do not defend the latter merely "for their stomachs' sake."

But I am willing to abandon to religious wine-drinkers all the advantage which I might derive from a consideration of these frauds; I will grant, for the sake of the argument, that the filthy and disgusting compounds which stock our market under the name of wine, are what they profess to be, the *fermented* juice of the grape.

Much importance is frequently attached to the idea that wine is a "good creature of God," and that we are enjoined to use all his good creatures with thanksgiving. The friends of temperance are charged with attaching sin to the use of this "good creature."

I deny that fermented wine is a "creature of God." There is not a particle of alcohol to be found in nature. We have no evidence that the intoxicating principle ever issued from the hand of the Creator. It is only when certain vegetable juices are exposed to decomposition, and when the first step towards decay has taken place, that alcohol is produced. It is not a part of the living world. It is generated only when life is extinct.

True, the elements which compose alcohol, and the laws by which those elements are combined in its formation, owe their existence to the Omnipotent. The same may be said of every substance which the ingenuity of man has devised—every invention which man has sought out.

Even if the position were admitted that intoxicating wine is a good creature of God, are we therefore bound to drink it? Are not hemlock and tobacco good creatures of God?—and are we therefore bound to eat hemlock and to chew tobacco?

Every thing in creation is good in its place; out of its place it is evil. When properly employed, all the objects around us are blessings; improperly applied, they become curses. So of hemlock and tobacco, and alcoholic wine. The use of these, in a healthy condition of our bodies, conflicts with the laws of our organization, and therefore violates the laws of God. All such use constitutes sin. But our bodies are liable to deviations from health, in which we may derive benefit from these things. They then become blessings; and here the use of them may well awaken thanksgiving.

On the other hand, the pure juice of the grape, unchanged by fermentation, being nutritious and wholesome, is useful to quench the thirst, and sustain the body in a state of health. It is really a blessing. The doctrines of the Temperance Society do not prohibit it. Supply us with this drink, and we shall not hesitate to partake of it.

I will pursue the subject in my next letter.

Thy friend, H. G.

The Standard.

COMMERCE OF BRITISH INDIA.

The highly interesting and important article in our last paper, from Hunt's Magazine, *written by a South Carolinian*, seems to be producing much excitement at the South. We have always believed that there was a great deal of unuttered sentiment in the slaveholding States not favorable to their "peculiar institutions." Politicians storm, and slave breeders blaster, in its favor; but beneath all this foam and fury, there is a strong under-current, running opposite in the minds of judicious-thinking men; they know that slavery is not just, and they perceive that it is not profitable. We rejoice to see some indication of this beginning to show itself in such articles as the one we copied from Hunt's Magazine. That it would be attacked from all quarters, by the southern press, is a matter of course. The editor of the Charleston Mercury is out upon it. He does not disprove the facts, but comforts himself with abusing England, and jeering at the British West Indies, in true slaveholding style. In allusion to the article in question, he says:

But the writer has a remedy for the gigantic mischief that he sees striding towards us; it is to "change" "the present costly system of labor at the South." There are but two ways of doing this. One is, to diminish the cost of subsistence—by giving the negroes only one half as much food, and one half as much clothing, as they now have. They could also be made to sleep in trees, like turkeys, or burrow in the ground, like snakes and toads. In short, by making the negroes as miserable as the Hindoos, no doubt the cost of subsistence might be very much reduced. We can hardly think this is the "change" hinted at by the writer. If not, then he must mean the abolition of slavery, which, we take it, there is no doubt but he does mean. The effect of such a change, in *cheapening* labor, may be seen in Jamaica just now, where they say all the profits of both capital and labor are swallowed up in the cost of the latter. The *effectiveness* of labor under the change, may be seen in the swiftly approaching destruction—not decline, but utter annihilation—of the great export trade of the British West Indies. There is no doubt, too, that the abolition of slavery *would* relieve us from all the fears and vexations of foreign *competition*. Look at Hayti, for instance. Her coffee used to be hard pushed in the market by that of Java, and Mocha, and Cuba—abolition of slavery freed her effectually from all such annoyances—she hardly gathers enough for her own use. Her once rich sugar plantations are equally relieved from all the inquietudes of foreign rivalry—they sleep soundly in the luxuriant woods with which nature has covered up almost the last traces of former civilization. Let the ridiculous theories of our reviewer sleep with them.

The Mercury imputes the decreased consumption of Carolina rice, in England, to the discriminating duties; which are stated as follows:

Carolina cleaned rice,	. . .	15s. 0d. per cwt.
" rough do.	. . .	1 6 per bushel.
East India cleaned rice,	. . .	1 0 per cwt.
" rough do.	. . .	1-2 per bushel

The Savannah Georgian quotes from a Madras paper, to prove that the British attempt to cultivate cotton in India had proved abortive, "for want of proper ginhouses, storage for the cotton, and suitable implements for the field." To which the Savannah Republican replies:

We consider the "Madras Journal" bad authority for the assertion that the promotion of cotton-growing in India has proved "abortive"—because we hear it from no other source; nor is it consistent with common sense. Is it to be supposed that the East India Company would spend $10,000 in sending Captain Bayles to this country, expend $20,000 and upwards in gins and machinery, employ a number of American cultivators at high salaries, and then not build sufficient *gin-houses*, &c.? The idea is preposterous. We published, a day or two since, a letter from one of these Americans, in which he speaks of the liberal provision made for their accommodation in every way, and that no expense is spared on their behalf. And is it to be supposed that where labor and materials are so cheap, the East India Company would allow their plans to fail, for want of perfection in details so easily carried out?

Besides, the lot of cotton referred to as having been grown and sent to London, where it sold as well as the best American, proves the assertion of the Madras Journal to be, to say the least, susceptible of doubt.

This brought forth a rejoinder from the Savannah Georgian:

So far from deducing from this failure at Tinnevally the idea that the South had nothing to fear from East India rivalry, we distinctly said, as the *Republican* will see by turning to our article, that we *did* believe, that it would ultimately suffer *largely* from the interference; but that *at present*, the East could not compete with the United States, and that in the event of a war, the stoppage of imports from America, would, from her present *dependence on them*, derange her mercantile interests and urge to desperation, her now distressed and tax-burdened people. With the facts stated by the Republican, as to the decrease of consumption of American cotton, and the increase of Indian, we are too well acquainted. The price current of Myers and Prince and others, told sad tales of this last August, and developed a feature of the trade hitherto unknown in showing an excess of exports to the continent, of 3,243 bales of India, over American cotton, from 1st January to 2d August, 1841. But even this startling fact does not alter the position of our argument, which was based on *present* circumstances and *immediate* contingencies; for though it is true that the imports of Indian cotton into England have increased three-fold since 1831; though it is true, that the imports of American cotton are less by nearly 300,000 bales, the first six months of this year, than for the same period last, yet the actual condition of things still is, that the great dependence of England for this article *is on the United States*, and the intelligence by the Great Western is, that of 605,000 bales estimated as the stock on hand in Liverpool, 480,000 *are American!*—nearly four-fifths of the entire amount. Of the 23,650 bales sold during the week ending 27th August, 18,398 were of American produce. Of the 1,700 bales taken for exports, 1,600 were American. These facts prove conclusively, how large a portion of the cotton market is sustained by the United States, and how seriously it would affect the manufactures of Great Britain, to produce a rupture with us.

From our present statistics, we are inclined to doubt the assertion of the Republican, that "India grows actually, at this moment, more cotton than the entire world beside."

The gross amount of the cotton crop in the world is computed at one thousand millions of pounds, of which the United States furnish, in round numbers, about five hundred and fifty millions; Brazil, thirty millions; Egypt, twenty-seven millions; Mexico and the northern parts of South America, thirty-five millions; Western Africa, thirty-six millions; and India, in 1834, one hundred and eighty-five millions, or stating the amount at two hundred millions, it is nearly *one third less* than the quantity raised with us. The statistics on this point, however, are not entirely satisfactory to our minds, and we shall be glad to be set definitely right in this particular. We cannot close this article without iterating the remark of the Republican, that the striking difference in the weekly consumption of American and Indian cotton, "demands the serious attention of our planters.

STATISTICS OF IMPORTS.

The following statistics are extracted from one of the documents published by the southern Convention, held at Charleston, S. C.

They show that the southern people were once the largest importers in the country.

In 1769, the value of the imports of the several colonies was as follows:

Of Virginia,	£851,140 sterling.
New England States,	561,000 "
New York,	189,000 "
Pennsylvania,	400,000 "
South Carolina,	555,000 "

The exports were in about the same proportion: Virginia exporting nearly four times as much as New-York; and South Carolina nearly twice as much as New-York and Pennsylvania together; and five times as much as all the New England States united.

The same relative proportion of imports is preserved until the adoption of the Federal Constitution, when we find them to be, in the year 1791, as follows:

Of New-York,	$3,222,000
Virginia,	2,486,000
South Carolina,	1,520,000

There are no data to show the imports into the several States from the year 1791 to 1820, but the general fact may be assumed, that the import trade of New-York and other northern States has been constantly progresing, while that of Virginia and South Carolina has as regularly diminished. From 1821 to the present time, we have sufficient data, and they exhibit the following as the state of the import trade:

	New-York.	*Virginia.*	*South Carolina.*
1821,	$23,000,000	$1,078,000	$3,000,000
1822,	33,000,000	864,000	2,000,000
1823,	29,000,000	681,000	2,000,000
1824,	36,000,000	639,000	2,400,000
1825,	19,000,000	533,000	2,150,000
1827,	29,000,000	431,000	1,800,000
1829,	43,000,000	375,000	1,240,000
1832,	57,000,000	550,000	1,213,000

Thus, the import trade of New-York has gradually increased from £189,000 sterling, about $840,000, in the year 1769, and from about $3,000,000 in 1791, to the enormous sum, in 1832, of $57,000,000! While Virginia has fallen off, in her import trade, from $2,500,000, in 1791, to $375,000 in 1829, and $550,000 in 1832, not a great deal more than the freight of half a dozen ships!

From these calculations, a few curious facts appear. The imports of New-York were, in 1832, seventy times as great as they were in 1769, and nearly twenty times more than they were in 1791. Virginia, on the other hand, imported, in 1829, about one-eleventh of what she did in 1769, and about one-seventh of what she did in 1791. In a period, too, of eight years, the aggregate imports of New-York amounted to $311,000,000; those of South Carolina to about $16,000,000; and those of Virginia to about $5,000,000! New-York imported, therefore, in 1832, eleven times as much as Virginia did in eight years preceding, and nearly four times as much as South Carolina did in eight years preceding. Again, New-York imported in one year, (1832) nearly fifty times as much South Carolina in the same year, and about one hundred and ten times as much Virginia."

From the New-York Express, of Oct. 1841.

Imports of Cotton into England for 1840–41.

From 1st Jan. to 30th Aug. each year.

	1841.	1840.
United States,	703,839	1,113,852 bales.
Brazil,	80,086	61,958 "
East India Co's. Territories,	122,001	104,348 "
Br. West India, Peru, &c.	5,639	3,208 "
Egyptian,	30,361	21,942 "
Grand total, (1840)		1,305,308 "
" " (1841)		1,031,916 "
Decrease, (1841)		273,392

Exports of Cotton from England to the Continent, for 1841.

From 1st January to 30th August.

American,	32,457 bales.
Brazil,	5,365 "
East India,	28,065 "
West India,	125 "
Egyptian, &c.	2,200 "

From the Providence Journal.

SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

Mr. Dorr rose, and stated that shortly before he came to the Convention, a man came to his office, bearing a memorial, which he said had been written by Alexander Cromwell, a respectable colored man of this city, of some education, signed by himself and five others, relating to their exclusion from the rights of suffrage, which they feared would be voted by this Convention. He began reading the memorial, when Mr. Pearce moved that it lay on the table for the present, until the report on that subject be taken up.

This was opposed, but after a short debate, was carried, 31 to 23.

The report on electors was taken up, and the memorial was then read. It was directed to the "*Free Suffrage Convention.*" This protested strongly against allowing "color, or any bodily peculiarity," to be a standard of natural and political rights.—They entered a solemn protest against their exclusion from the rights of voting, as anti-republican.—It cautioned the Convention against departing from their principles, by all the considerations of justice and moral right, lest the poisoned chalice should, in the course of events, be returned to their own lips.

Mr. B. Arnold moved that the word "white," in the first section, be stricken out. (The clause read, "every white male citizen, over twenty-one, who has resided in the State one year, and in the town three months, should vote for all officers to be elected by the people.") He considered himself bound to make it, as a friend to the Convention. It was according to all the principles upon which the suffrage associations had been founded, and upon which they had hitherto acted. They were now to carry out these principles in action, and it was their duty to be true to them.

The proof that he had stated truly the principles of the movement, he read from the resolutions passed by the State meeting at Newport, on the 5th May. These stated that the General Assembly ought to have called a Convention based upon population, allowing every American citizen to vote for delegates, and for the constitution to be proposed.

He was interrupted by a gentleman from Smithfield, saying that this was not the R. I. Suffrage Association, nor a collection of them, but entirely a different body, not to be bound by their acts.

The Chair decided that he was out of order, and Mr. Arnold went on to show that that general meeting had called this Convention. If those resolutions meant any thing, they meant that the Convention there called should carry out the principles therein stated, which were the great principles of the suffrage cause. He did not appear here as an abolitionist, but as an advocate of human rights.—He was for rights, and justice, and freedom, and he joined the suffrage cause, because he thought these were the great causes of that movement. He had done so at some loss to himself, perhaps, causing a coolness among friends, and an injury to his interests; but he was willing to peril these for the principle.

He then read from the declaration of the Woonsocket Association, showing that they had not inserted the word "white" in their declaration of rights. And what consistency was there now in abandoning these broad principles?

He also read the declaration of the Executive Committee of the R. I. Suffrage Association, expressing the same unrestricted doctrines.

He was glad to find the colored people had taken the matter into their own hands, and brought the matter before the Convention. This was the first intimation he had of their doing so, and they came here, just as the report was to be acted upon,—just as they were disfranchised and would have no hope.

He had heard no argument in favor of inserting the word "white," except that of *expediency*. He had heard it often in this Convention. He came here as a man, a freeman, uninstructed by his constituents. They left him to act on principle, not on expediency. They were sent to act on fundamentals, not expedients; to form a Constitution in the spirit of truth, justice, and freedom, on the basis of immutable and eternal principle.

He dwelt much longer on the contrast of expediency and rights, and of the illiberal prejudice existing against his colored brethren. He knew that a Constitution, including them, would be voted by all true suffrage men. There were men among them, he did not know for what purpose they came there, who were for yielding many things to expediency. There were men in the Convention, who had yielded principle on many points, to matters of expediency, and they diverged from the true objects of the suffrage cause. If the blacks should be rejected, and the Constitution be defeated in consequence, what man among them could hold up his head?—It would be an inglorious defeat—because of abandonment of principle.

Their enemies were looking to this subject, and to their own interests; they anticipate that on this rock they would split. Those enemies had endeavored to sow dissensions among them, on this ground: look at the articles written by one "*Town Born*," for instance. Though they had denied the blacks a right of voting, in one instance, yet they could not deny them the rights of voting for the Constitution, without acting inconsistently with their own declaration, in a manner that every one would discover and hold up against them. And should they be defeated, they would themselves be the cause of—they would plant the dagger in their own bosom.—If they were so defeated, it would be an end of them.

On motion of Mr. Spencer, it was voted, that no member speak more than fifteen minutes on any question.

There was a general call for the question.

Mr. Cook said he hoped that discussion upon it should not be gagged.

Col. Wales said that he wished to say something on this grave and important subject, without having any gag put upon the free discussion of it. He said that if any one could frame a decent argument for the exclusion, he wished to hear it. He did not know what right they had to form a Constitution, enfranchising one part of their fellow-citizens, and disfranchising another. They were black—but how came they so? Did they choose their complexion when they came into the world? They were brought into existence arbitrarily, and ought not to be classed among criminals and malefactors, as unworthy the right of suffrage. It was enough for him that they were men, and American citizens.

Mr. Spencer would be glad to strike out the word "white," but he knew it would be contrary to the wishes of his constituents. He did not know what the principles of suffrage associations in other places were, but his constituents did not consider themselves bound by the declarations of others.

Mr. Stedman spoke in favor of the amendment.—He was for amending the bill of rights, so that it might read, "every white man is created equal," if the word "white" was suffered to remain in this part of the Constitution. He did not see why this Convention should enfranchise one class of citizens, and disfranchise others, as good as themselves. He knew many blacks, of as good, or better moral character, than many of the whites.

Mr. Sayles spoke against the amendment. He said that they were engaged in an important work, and they were bound, out of the greatest number, to use those means which should best secure success. (Applause.) Blacks had no right to vote in neighboring States, and under the present constitution of society, there was no sympathy between the blacks and whites. It was endangering the whole project, to strike out this word, and might prevent the adoption of a *republican* (!) Constitution in this State. It was endangering the rights of fifteen thousand white men.

Mr. Peckham said that the Declaration of Independence did not look upon these rights as capable of being conferred. It was an error in confounding social and political right. The privileges and powers of a majority had never been allowed to infringe upon the rights of the minority. They might put any class beyond the pale of the law, as beyond any political rights. He held it wholly unworthy of the Convention to suffer a Constitution to go forth with this work in it. They say in one clause, that all men are created free and equal, and in another, they deny it. It was contrary to the spirit of Roger Williams.

Mr. Whipple said that the argument on the negative went on the assumption, without proof, that a Constitution extending the rights of suffrage to blacks, would be rejected by the people.

Dr. Brown replied to the assertion that the proof was wanting, by saying that all the towns had been called the night previous, and the delegates from all but one, expressed the honest conviction that their constituents were opposed to letting in the blacks.

Mr. Cook said, THAT HIS CONSTITUENTS WOULD GO TO A MAN, AGAINST ANY CONSTITUTION CONTAINING THE WORD "WHITE" IN IT. He said he saw by the New Age, Extra, that the Suffrage Convention was ridiculed, some as selling beer, and otherwise, [Mr. Pearce—That you can't help.] But I would not give cause for ridicule, and if you send forth a Constitution with the word "white" in it, there would be cause enough for ridicule.

Mr. Dorr said he was bound to believe the assertions of members relative to the feelings of their constituents, because he could not contradict them by any proof. He thought they had taken counsel of their fears in their conclusions; for he did not think that the people of Rhode Island were so illiberal as they were represented. He had before heard that the people of Rhode Island were narrow and harsh in their prejudice, but he had invariably found them the reverse. This Constitution was not democratic, in the broadest sense of the word, but he would not take up time in showing it; it was a matter of expediency, and as such, its adoption must be considered. The Convention would be inconsistent with their former declarations, with their bill of rights just adopted—and would diverge from the great principles acted out by Roger Williams. He alluded to the colored soldiers of the Revolution, their bravery and patriotism. He instanced slave States which had admitted all free men to the right of voting. Mr. Dorr concluded with some eloquent remarks upon the great principles involved in this question.

The Convention was called by ayes and noes, and there appeared 18 for the amendment, and 46 against it.

THE RAJAH OF SATTARA.

A meeting was held at the Royal Exchange, for the purpose of bringing the claims of British India, and the deposed Rajah of Sattara before the public. The attendance was, as usual, large.

THOMAS WEBB, Esq. in the Chair,

The Chairman announced the subject for the evening, and called on

Mr. Richard Allen, who said the more he reflected on the question of British India, the more he felt convinced of the vast importance it was to have her pressing claims attended to. The power of steam was bringing her even nearer to us, great as was the distance which separated the two countries.—Some said "we had enough to do at home;" but he asked emphatically, to whom was India to look, if not to those who had subjugated her? What was her position? A vast, magnificent, but suffering country, a hundred millions of people acknowledging the sway of Britain, and yet the vast masses had not a single representative to press their claims in the British House of Commons. On the proved grounds of philanthropy and humanity, then, it was our duty to call for such amelioration of their condition, as they had a right to demand at the hands of the British and Irish people. (hear.) But there were other and more cogent reasons why we should seek for justice for India. Our manufactures were flagging—he spoke of England as well as Ireland. The continental powers are rapidly turning their attention to manufacture, to employ their own people.—There were, in consequence of this and other causes, vast numbers suffering from that want attendant on the stagnation of trade. How were they to be again set to work? He pointed to India! India with her hundred millions, longing to be clothed in our manufactures, if we would give them an opportunity of their being so, by removing that grinding system which robbed them of their all. (hear.) Foremost in that system stood the land tax, which grievously repressed industry, by too often making the industry of the peasant the means of his taxation, from the crop being in many places valued after being put into the ground, and that at so exorbitant a rate, that the poor cultivator had little or nothing left to himself. And what had been the result of this? Why, that large portions of the fertile lands of India had become the abode of the tiger and the jackal, while the poor natives who once possessed them had become victims of famine. But there was one master evil to which he must particularly call their attention, and that was slavery in India. (hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Yes, he grieved to say, slavery existed to a vast extent in India; and no lover of freedom ought to cease from exertion for a single day until it was entirely abolished. Let all take high ground; let them boldly proclaim to the world that all slavery is a sin against God, that it infringes on all the broad principles of Christianity, and that a deep stain must rest on our country until she abolishes it. (cheers.) Yes, its continuance was disgraceful to us as a nation. We had plumed ourselves on our anti-slavery principles in sweeping away the giant oppression in the west; but when we came to look around, we found India swarming with slaves, who could be bought, sold, flogged, maimed, families separated, even as the West Indian negroes would have been, and the American slaves were. Let us not relax a joint in our exertions to put down the Moloch of evil in America—slavery, which was spreading infidelity in her churches—nay, causing them to utter blasphemy, indicating that their foul system was sanctioned by the Almighty. Let us attack slavery wherever it exists, that so it might fall in America and India together; and then if the United States and Britain were leagued together for the liberty of the slave, he would soon be free every where. (cheers.) He felt the difficulty—the danger of doing too much to develop the resources of India while slavery existed there, lest in raising the value of labor we might forge additional fetters on the slave. (hear.) Still, let it ever be remembered that it was in the times of grinding famine that many parents sold their children, to save them from dying before their eyes; and that if there was more employment for the people, there would not be the temptation nor the necessity to act thus. He was aware that in America slavery had been greatly increased by our unlimited demand for cotton. Care should be taken to avoid a similar result in India. One course, however, was clear, and that was, that there was an urgent necessity for demanding the immediate and entire extinction of slavery within the British dominions. (cheers.)

James Haughton, Esq. said—My friends, the interests connected with British India are of such vast importance, and the mighty subject is so extended in all its bearings, that it is no easy matter for me to bring them before your minds in such a way as to give you any correct idea of their great magnitude. Indeed I will not, on the present occasion, attempt to do anything more than lay before you a few details of such a nature as will, I hope, induce you to turn your minds to the consideration of some questions connected with that great empire, which are of high and deep interest at the present time. You are, perhaps, already aware of the public interest now alive in England and Scotland regarding British India. The talented and indefatigable George Thompson, and our excellent friend Robert Moore, and numberless other individuals of much talent and great zeal, have been for some time lecturing to large audiences on the subject; and while on this part of my subject I must not omit to mention the name of my friend Mr. Buckingham, who has labored with unwearied diligence to improve the condition of the people of that land. Shall we then, my friends, be backward in lending a hand in this noble work? No, no; we will press forward with our humble but ardent endeavors in this cause of humanity—in this holy cause of freedom. Enslaved millions demand our exertions, and while we are laboring to set them free, our own minds and feelings will become more and more enlightened and warmed, so that the blessings we enjoy as free citizens, we shall feel it our happiness and our delight to spread abroad as widely as possible. Depend upon it, my friends, a people regardless of the happiness and freedom of their fellow-men, and particularly of their fellow-subjects, wherever they may be placed on this globe, will never secure to themselves true and lasting liberty. India is a country of vast extent. The population there, directly and indirectly subject to the dominion of England, is little, if at all, short of 150 millions. Of these millions, many, very many, are in a state of abject slavery, liable to be bought and sold like cattle; and such is the degradation of the entire people, that it is said, and I believe truly said, that the amount of our trade or dealing with them for our manufactured goods does not exceed more than 4d. or 6d. per head per annum. Famines, which sweep off amazing numbers of the inhabitants, are of frequent occurrence, although the soil and climate are as productive as any others on the face of the earth. Time does not now permit, or I would endeavor to point out to you some of the causes of these evils. I would refer you to the library of the Mechanics' Institution for information on the subject; there, I doubt not, you will get the best histories of this country. In them you will find recorded deeds of injustice carried on systematically for a series of years by the governors and their various under-agents in India disgraceful to our government in a high degree, and disgraceful to us as a people. We have been apathetic on this subject, but let us be so no longer. I want you to assist in getting rid of all those evils. I want that an enlightened public opinion may be brought to bear on all questions of humanity. Depend upon it, my friends, such action on our parts will re-act beneficially on our country and ourselves. Our manufactures are languid; improve the conditions of 150 millions in India, and they will at once revive and increase to an extent of which we have at present no conception. Injustice is the order of the day in that country to the present moment. A native prince, the Rajah of Sattara, has been deprived of his dominions without the shadow of just cause against him; his case is scandalous to all those engaged in it; but I cannot dwell on it at present. I repeat it, my object is rather to call your attention to this subject than to give you any details of particular atrocities. You are all aware that we are now at war with China, and that the cause of the quarrel is the opium question. I hope on a future occasion this important part of the subject of British India will be brought before you. Suffice it for the present to say that war, horrid war, has commenced in China; and if the voice of the British and Irish people be not heard loudly in opposition to it, millions of lives and millions of money may be lost and wasted in the attempt to force upon the people a destructive drug. For this no excuse can be offered, but that it produces a large revenue to the East India Company, who do not blush to derive a portion of their revenue from the most shameful smuggling which has ever disgraced a people. My friend, I feel confident you will think on these things—that having nobly shaken off the habit of intoxication which so degraded our country, that Irishmen and Irishwomen of all classes will in future turn the attention of their minds to useful and ennobling thoughts, and that you will always be found ready to assist in works of benevolence and in the carrying forward of measures calculated to increase the sum of human happiness. (cheers.)

Nelson Handcock, Esq. said that he was very unexpectedly called on to speak. The first time he had been brought to think of British India, was by a lecture delivered by Mr. Buckingham. That gentleman had been banished from India for the free expression of his sentiments on matters there; but times were altered. East India affairs would now be sifted freely. Slavery was abolished in the West Indies. The British Parliament had voted twenty millions to free the slaves there. This was but a proof of what might be done by public opinion.—The speaker then alluded to the many grievances in India. The system of taxation was most oppressive,—slavery existed also widely. It was our bounden duty to labor to abolish it. (cheers.) The speaker at considerable length addressed the meeting on the manifold evils which afflicted India, and at the conclusion was warmly applauded.

Mr. Allen then rose to bring forward the case of the Rajah of Sattara, an Indian Prince of high birth, a descendant from one of the most renowned amongst Indian warriors, the representative of the Great Sevajee, who, in the middle of the 17th century, succeeded in bursting the thraldom of the royal power, and became the founder of the powerful and widespread power of the Mahrattas. The speaker said he would be glad this subject had on the present occasion fallen into other hands; but as several of their usual speakers were absent, he was of necessity compelled to enter briefly into it. However, he might be brief, as the subject had been pretty fully opened in that room on a former occasion. The matter had been made the subject of a lengthened debate in the India House, in which the talented and philanthropic George Thompson, nobly seconded by Sir Charles Forbes, John Poynder, Esq. and a number of other gentlemen of high character, proprietors of India stock, had impeached the conduct of the authorities of India in the dethronement of the Rajah, and the East India Company for sanctioning it. It appears the Ex-Rajah had for a great many years been a firm ally of the British; but he had at length been accused of a conspiracy. He had nobly repudiated the idea, and finally was offered continued possession of his kingdom if he would sign an acknowledgment of his guilt. This he firmly refused to do, and in consequence was dragged out of his palace at the dead of night, and with a few attendants, his head officers—one of whom died on the journey, partly from the hardships he underwent—brought a distance of eight hundred miles, to Benares, while an usurper, in the shape of his brother, was set up in his stead. His innocence had been testified to by numbers of the official servants of the East India Company. Mr. Allen then moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Haughton, and unanimously agreed to:

"That this meeting views with indignation the unjust treatment of the Rajah of Sattara by the East India Company; that it sympathises with his wrongs, and demands for him, at the hands of the East India Company, or of the British Parliament, a full measure of redress; and that it respectfully offers to George Thompson, Esq. and the other East India proprietors who supported him, its tribute of thanks, for their noble vindication, in this cause, of the outraged laws of justice and of national honor" (loud cheers.)

The speaker concluded by observing, that although he hardly hoped for justice to the Rajah, yet he trusted the public voice would be so heard, that the East India Company would avoid such acts in future. (cheers.)

From the Madison County Abolitionist.

SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE.

I like southern independence. There is a sort of manliness about it that contrasts nobly with northern servility. There are but few "fence-men" at the South. For or against the tariff—for or against a bank—in favor of or against the right of petition—devotedly attached or thoroughly opposed to the system of slavery, are they all. Southern men are seldom found sustaining a *ridiculous* position. However wicked they may be, they gather about themselves all the "sublimity of wickedness," and in the estimation of many, it "covers a multitude of sins." Now, I do not admire their love for slavery. I mourn that so many of the most gifted intellects should be so perverted, so turned away from the truth, in whose rays they might shine with so much lustre; but I confess, that it is less disgusting to me than the spirit which is so frequently exhibited by men at the North. You can never get a southern man to deny his creed, when a resident in our midst. No matter how warm the atmosphere, how abolitionized the State, county or city where he takes up his abode; while the spirit of slavery is in his heart, he yields himself up to its guidance, and looks well to it, that through him it has a faithful manifestation.

I have never known a southern man shrink, under any circumstances, from avowing his sentiments upon slavery. It matters not what his expectations of preferment may be, what his profession is, he is prompt, even to passionateness, in his avowals. He is not Janus-faced. Even colonization, with all its adulation, its repeated assertions of the high respect it has for his "*robber right*," has never been able to teach him its secret. He will not learn this last of "Yankee inventions," how "to appear, and not to appear," at the same time. He has but "one faith, one lord, and one baptism." In slavery, all three are comprised, and he follows her through evil and through good report, with a gallantry and zeal worthy of a better cause. From Senator Preston to Jonathan Davis, this feature of character stands out prominent and uncompromising. I do not blame the South for claiming somewhat of chivalry in their composition. If a man can be chivalrous in a bad cause, the whole South partake largely of its element.

How is it with northern men when they go to the South? How is it with them *at home*? How is it? It is a sorry tale to tell. Miss Martineau, in her "Retrospect of Western Travels," says of a northern man at Washington, "that he always talks in a deprecatory tone, his head down, giving him the appearance of being perpetually harrassed with the conviction that he could not fight a duel while others could." It is even so. Men from the hills of New England, from the valleys of the Genesee, from the broad prairies of Ohio and Illinois, are ashamed of what the South are pleased to call their PURITANISM. Who ever saw Webster, upon Plymouth Rock, erect, dignified, majestic, with the dew of freedom hanging so illustriously upon his broad brow, would have been perfectly astounded had they seen his crouching, cringing position on the steps of the capitol at Richmond. Magic could not work a greater change. I have more to say on this subject.—J. C. J.

SLAVEHOLDING MISSIONARIES.

ALBANY, N. Y. Aug. 23, 1841.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

VERY DEAR BROTHER—I am always happy when writing you, because I feel assured that you will publish the truth, though it should render you odious. Go on, my brother—toil here, and rest not until Christ shall call you to himself. My spirit cannot rest so long as my brethren are crushed by the iron hoof of oppression.

What follows may strike you with horror, but it is, nevertheless, true. Mr. Jones affirmed it to be so, in the presence of Mrs. Steward and Miss Briggs, of Troy.

Mr. Abner D. Jones, assistant Missionary among the Choctaw Indians, and under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being in the city of Troy, N. Y. August 20th, 1841, made the following statements:

The Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw tribes of Indians are many of them slaveholders, and *treat* their negroes as slaves, and will not suffer any Missionary to publicly preach against slavery! That slaveholders are received into the mission churches, and that the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational missionaries, among those tribes, are *unanimous*, so far as he is acquainted, in sustaining slaveholders as Christian brethren in the churches! That they (the missionaries) neither preach against this practice, nor use means to put it out of the church. That almost all the missionaries either own or hire slaves of their masters to work, and pay the masters for their services! That he has been obliged, in cases of sickness, to do it himself. That the Rev. Mr. Mason, a Baptist missionary, was obliged to leave the country, because he would oppose slavery! (Rev. Mr. Kellam, left, I suppose, on the same account.) That Rev. Mr. Hatch and wife, Baptist missionaries among the Choctaws, left because they could not conscientiously sustain slavery. That Rev. Mr. Fleming and Rev. Mr. Dodge, D. D. missionaries of the American Board, left on the same account. That the Rev. Mr. Potts, Baptist missionary among the Choctaws, either owns or hires slaves of their masters; that he is open and public in this, and all understand that he sustains slavery. Receives slaveholders into the church as good, pious Christians!—That Rev. Mr. Perry, a Methodist missionary among the Choctaws, owns a number of slaves, and treats them as such; and that he *shot and killed a white man*, whom he supposed was stealing one

very destroys the sight of even missionaries of the cross of Christ.

The men who have in charge the missionary treasury keep as far as possible, these innocent crimes of robbery, theft, and murder out of the sight of the dear brethren who so freely give their money to spread the gospel. They do this, that they may not offend slaveholders. One reason for this conclusion, (or what some may call slander,) may be seen by a simple statement of facts. In the Baptist church, there are over 125,000 members that are slaves, and not more than 10 or 12,000 slaveholders; but this letter class have all the money—therefore, our Boards are very careful to keep peace with the masters, even though the slaves are crushed to death. They (the slaves) are not good for any thing—they have no money.

I would suggest the propriety of sending out a missionary to labor for the conversion of the missionaries among the Indians in the Southwest. It would need a man or woman of considerable faith, as they would perhaps mistrust that a negro-stealer had come among them: and the Rev. Mr. Perry might be appointed to shoot the fanatic, especially if he should be found among *his* negroes!

But I cease, lest you get your office destroyed again, and the *Rev. Editor of the* (Boston anti-Baptist) '*Christian Watchman*' pronounce you to be 'equally culpable with the mob,' as he did in 1835, when you dared to rebuke men of '*property*, (who were) *standing*' upon the necks of the slaves.

'My heart is pained, my soul is sick.' May God have mercy upon northern ministers, who are not satisfied to have the heathen rob the poor, but must send missionaries to teach them that God approves their crimes!

As ever, your brother in Christ,
ABEL BROWN.

REMOND IN IRELAND.

Extracts from a letter, by Richard D. Webb, to the Liberator.

KILHEE, County Clare, on shores of Atlantic, 8th mo. 28th, 1841.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

On the 12th, Remond arrived from Wexford, and lectured in half an hour after his arrival, in the Town Hall, a large and elegant room which was freely granted for the purpose. Before he came, notices had been distributed, announcement made in the meeting-houses of several dissenting congregations, and the room prepared. Now, as Waterford, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, has the reputation of being a somewhat apathetic place, where but few have ever before felt much interest in the anti-slavery cause, judge of our pleasure to find the room filled with all sorts of people, including a large proportion of ladies, so that the bright gas and the brighter faces formed a prospect altogether delightful to behold. Our friend acquitted himself to admiration; and as to the admiration, he got plenty of it. I don't think that, after that lecture, all the professors of divinity and physiology, in all your southern colleges, could have convinced the good people of the 'urbs intacta,' that Remond belongs to any other race than that which is declared to be only 'a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.' Or, if he be, what a celestial company of superior natures the chivalry of the South must be; all more sensitive, more eloquent, more intelligent, more pious, more devoted, more self-sacrificing, with all the higher elements of our nature more bountifully bestowed on them, than is exhibited in the person of that inferior creature, Remond! This lecture was followed by one more crowded than the former, and the second by a third, which, to speak like a Hibernian, was fuller than the room could hold. It filled and overflowed to such a degree of inconvenient pressure, that we were obliged, against our wills, in order to secure an audience that could hear, to issue tickets of admission to the two last lectures. For these, a small charge was made, a larger room was secured, and a more select company obtained.

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Remond lodged with myself and family at the house of a near relation of mine, who did every thing that could be done to make his stay agreeable. We made several excursions to the beautiful marine scenery in the neighborhood, Tramore, Garryrish, and Dunmore; and the wild rocks and thunder-splintered pinnacles of the various islands will be in future associated in our minds with the eloquent young stranger who came amongst us pleading with such impressive energy in behalf of outraged humanity in your 'free country.' Before he came to Waterford, there were many reports there before him, which threw difficulties in his way. His independent position, the fact of his not being connected with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and of his being a member of the American Society, and a friend of Garrison and his friends, were unfavorable circumstances in the eyes of some high professors. He, as well as some other 'pestilent fellows,' were famed as a setter forth of strange doctrines—women's rights—non-resistance—and other yet more terrible heresies. Many worthy people, however, found, on acquaintance with him, that there was no occasion for all this apprehension.—They discovered him to be a modest, yet fearless defender of his own opinions, and that none of them were at all soul-destroying. They found him just towards all, judicious, unobtrusive—yet unswerving in his fidelity to the great cause he has espoused, and to its uncompromising advocates. I don't think he could be tempted, by fear or favor, to hold back from proclaiming thy claims to the gratitude of the colored man, and the respect and sympathy of every true lover of justice and liberty.

Some who refused to lend him aid and assistance before he arrived, were so changed in their feelings by what they saw in public and private, that they volunteered aid and courtesy in the kindest manner, and were profuse in their hospitality. Some few high professors held back entirely, but I heard of no active opposition from any one of these. 'To your tents, oh Isreal,' is a common cry amongst sects, both great and small. It gratifies a man's vanity to think that he belongs to some extremely minute section of mankind—and the smaller the better—set apart by the Most High for the reception of his special gifts and favors. We consider that such a man has no time for the slave, or the assertion of his rights—these are extraneous topics—charity begins at home—he must take care of himself, and of the 'highly favored society' that may happen to own him. Such people give practical evidence of their belief, that 'Truth lies in a nut-shell.'

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Remond has lost no proper opportunity of setting forth the short comings of the American churches on the subject of slavery; and as a necessary result, considerable soreness has been evinced wherever he has been. People cannot or will not see, that the greatest blow that *their* version of Christianity can receive, *must* come from the arm of him who disgraces every thing that is worth the name of religion, by countenancing or commiting the sin of slavery. No greater kindness can be shown to any church, than to point out to them the causes which lower the fair fame of their opinions, and obstruct their progress in the hearts and consciences of men.

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So far as Remond has gone in Ireland, his course has been a triumphant one. He has been well treated and well heard. He has excited great attention, and considerable regard to the anti-slavery cause. No one has ever yet done more as a lecturer in Ireland, in behalf of your efforts in America. He will be long remembered, and the seeds he has scattered must bear an abundant harvest of good fruits. He has been assisted from place to place, by anti-slavery friends, without the necessity of any public application; and I hope he may be enabled to leave Ireland not poorer, if not much richer, than he was when he landed on 'our dear little island.'

The colored race have a most creditable representative in Remond. His eloquence, his demeanor, and the discretion with which he moves, are all calculated to make a most favorable impression—and they have done so effectually. I am glad that I have had such an excellent opportunity of making his acquaintance; and all I have yet seen has confirmed the testimony of some of the best friends of the anti-slavery cause in England and Scotland, who know him well, and have seen him tested by very trying circumstances.

From the Liberator.

THE THIRD POLITICAL PARTY.

"It is obvious that the third party movement has obtained a considerable increase of friends among the abolitionists; but we do not believe that a majority of them, throughout the country, regard it with a favorable eye. In this opinion, however, we may be mistaken. We should be more impressed by this increase, if we were satisfied that it has been the growth of principle, instead of the love of political adventure. There is something to the human mind bewitching in politics; and when men can persuade themselves that they are verily doing God service by becoming politicians, it is to be expected that they will feel no reluctance, but something of enthusiasm, in plunging up to their very necks in the mire of politics.

We admit that the *mode* of political action to be pursued by abolitionists, is not strictly a question of principle, but rather one of sound expediency. We have never opposed the formation of a third party as a measure inherently wrong, but have always contended that the abolitionists have as clear and indisputable a right to band themselves together politically for the attainment of their great object, as those of our fellow-citizens who call themselves whigs or democrats. It is for every abolitionist, who uses the elective franchise, to be fully persuaded in his own mind, and to cast his vote in a fearless and independent manner, let who will censure or applaud his decision. 'To his own master, he stands or falls.' But every reflecting mind may easily perceive, that to disregard the dictates of sound expediency may often prove as injurious to an enterprise as to violate principle. It is solely on this ground that we oppose what is called the 'liberty party.' We believe it is highly inexpedient, and therefore not the best mode to advance the anti-slavery cause. The rash, precipitate, almost factious manner in which it was formed, early excited our distrust as to the disinterestedness of the movement; and though we are not disposed to question the honesty of many who support it, we still remain to be convinced that its tendency is good. In our judgment, it is based upon a very gross error. It assumes that the northern whig and democratic parties, as such, are indissolubly wedded to slavery, and, therefore, that it is delusive to suppose that they will ever be induced to espouse the anti-slavery cause. Now if the people that compose those parties at the North cannot be converted by moral suasion, it is perfectly plain that the third party will for ever constitute a most insignificant minority, and thus fail to accomplish its object. If they can be, then this new party is as needless as a fifth wheel to a coach. We believe they can be thus converted, and that they will seize the earliest opportunity (*i. e.* in the political game of chances) to break their present alliance with southern task-masters: hence, that the third party is needless.

We take very little interest in the papers which are devoted to the advocacy of 'independent nominations.' The scramble for the loaves and fishes of office, now going on among professed abolitionists, (ostensibly for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause,) is a spectacle which we do not contemplate with pleasure. Formerly, they solemnly averred that it was not their intention to organize a distinct political party, and that they neither sought the honors and emoluments of political preferment, nor desired to possess them. Their position was then full of moral sublimity. What is it now?"

RUNAWAY SLAVES.

The following is an extract from a letter from J. Miller M'Kim, a lecturer in the anti-slavery cause, dated Bellforte, Pa. Aug. 26, 1841.

There is one branch of the anti-slavery movement, as I think it may justly regarded, which is making remarkable progress in this State, and that is the self-emancipating department. I have been surprised at the number of 'fugitives from injustice,' who are continually passing through the central part of the State, on their way to the North: and at the deep interest manifested by the inhabitants, in their success and safety. In one town, the name of which for obvious reasons I need not mention, a short time before I came there, a family composed of a mother and seven or eight children, had recently sought refuge on their way to the land of freedom. They were closely pursued, and it was only by the most active vigilance, and much risk of detection on the part of the inhabitants, that they were saved.—For the purpose of putting them safe beyond the power of their pursuers, five individuals contributed a sum of about sixty-five dollars out of their own pockets.

In another town where I had occasion to stop, and where our cause is but little understood, a band of seven on their way to Canada, had stopped for rest, but a few days previous. My informant told me that they were among the finest looking men he had ever seen. They were intelligent, and apparently sincerely religious. Their flight seemed to have been the result of much premeditation and preparation. Each man had a pistol and dirk, and they all expressed their determination to die, rather than to be taken back. It is not difficult to understand how they could be 'sincerely religious,' and at the same time, under the popular error, that violence in self-defence and for the sake of liberty, is justifiable.

In another place, a village named Newport, not far off the route to this place, quite a scene had taken place, a short time before I came along.—Three men claimed as slaves were apprehended somewhere near, and their claimants were carrying them back to the South, when one of them, whether determined to destroy himself rather than return to slavery, or in a vain effort to escape, does not appear, but for some reason jumped into the canal and was drowned. This so awakened the sympathies of the people of Newport, and their indignation against the slaveholders, that they, although always before bitterly opposed to abolition, came out and rescued the remaining two and set them free. Suits, I was informed, have been commenced by the slaveholders against some of the persons engaged in the rescue.

You see from these facts, that there is a spirit among the slaves themselves that is helping on the work of emancipation. A young man in Carlisle said to me, 'Give me seven or eight dollars, and I will colonize as many slaves as Mr. Pinney can with so many hundred.' And so I suppose he could, and more justly, in a shorter time, and more happily for the slave.

From Dr. Channing's Letter of 1837.

A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS.

"They, who found their efforts against oppression on *every* man's near relation to God, on every man's participation of a moral and immortal nature, cannot, without singular inconsistency, grow fierce against the many in their zeal for a few. From a body, founded on such a principle, ought to come forth more enlightened friends of the race, more enlarged philanthropists, than have yet been trained. Guard from dishonor the divine truth, which you have espoused as your creed and your rule. Show forth its celestial purity, in your freedom from unworthy passions. Prove it to be from God, by serene trust in His Providence, by fearless obedience of His will, by imitating His impartial justice and His universal love."

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

For the satisfaction of those of our readers who may be interested in the proceedings of the above named body, we copy an extract of a private letter to a friend in this city, dated Richmond, Tenth mo. 1st.

"G. F. White has done nearly all the preaching. Some of his discourses have been good, and satisfactory to all,—abolitionists included,—whilst others have been in the usual style,—raving and railing.

The "Green Plain disclaimer" called out an animated discussion, and the *general* expression was in condemnation of it. A committee was appointed to visit that quarterly meeting, but it was expressly understood that it was *not* with a view to dealing with the alledged offenders, in order to ultimate disownment if they should not recede from their position. Some suggested that such ought to be the course, but members of the committee dissented, and said they could not serve if any such design was entertained. Hannah P. Wilson has sent in a writing expressing her sorrow that she signed the protest. All the rest stand firm, and it is believed *will* stand firm to the end, even should that be disownment.

It was proposed that, to the minute about the disclaimer, a note should be appended, stating that Hannah had made a satisfactory acknowledgment in regard to her participation in it. One or two thought it would be out of order to do so; but one after another, and yet another, united with it, until it seemed to be the voice of the great body of the meeting. Whereupon, James Haviland, G. F. White's companion, rose and expressed his opinion against it, thinking it would not be orderly, on which the tide turned at once, the whole expression of the meeting was against it, and the note was not appended.

There has been no action bearing on the subject of slavery, yet the epistles declare that it has received appropriate consideration, or something to that effect. G. F. White is going hence to Kentucky. One of our pro-slavery Quakers here, in conversation with Dr. Hudson this morning, was boasting that George could preach here and make no excitement, that he could go to Kentucky and have a hearing there. 'You,' meaning Hudson, Johnson, and Burleigh, 'could follow him *here*, but not *there*.' The Dr. replied, 'yes, he can preach here and there without exciting people, for the reason that he preaches such doctrines as southern slaveholders and nothern pro-slavery love to hear,' and went on to press him with the conclusion that the very fact he had boasted of was condemnatory of George's preaching."

RIGHTS OF WIVES IN LOUISIANA.

The discussion in the Senate, on the Bankrupt Bill, elicited some interesting information respecting the peculiar laws of the State of Louisiana, in guarding the rights of married women and minors. A correspondent of the North American says:

"Louisiana guards the rights of her women with kind and parental care. The husband cannot alienate the property, even by consent of the wife; and even the money given by the parents, either before or after marriage, is as much the separate property of the wife, as the land and negroes. She can even make the husband her debtor, and sue him in a Court of law. It was to guard these rights, that induced Mr. Barrow to offer the remarks he did, which were, that no bill that interfered with that peculiar privilege of wives, could be supported by him. If I mistake not, this law was adopted since Louisiana, became a territory of the United States. Dashing young fellows used to go there and marry the beautiful creoles of the territory, and spend their property within a short period, leaving them to penury. It is said that it was to guard against this conduct on the part of unprincipled adventurers, that the enactment of this law was found necessary by the prudent and kind French creoles of that hospitable region. No matter what led to it, the example is worthy of all praise.

Communications.

LETTER FNOM E. D. HUDSON.

RICHMOND, WAYNE CO. INDIANA, 10th mo. 3d, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Since our last communication to you from Mount Pleasant, we have been perambulating Belmont County, Jefferson and Belmont Counties afford the most beautiful landscape scenery I ever beheld—lofty hills, covered with rich verdure—beautiful groves, deep ravines, pleasant valleys, and serpentine water-courses, shaded with large sycamores, graceful elms, and the neat little locust tree. This is the most romantic, picturesque, and delightful region I ever saw.

In Belmont County, we gave our first talk in St. Clairsville, the county town. Owing to the difficulties in getting out a general notice, and to a heavy shower about the time of our meeting, our audience was small, for such a place. We held our meeting in the Court-house, and spoke, each of us, about an hour and a half, on the anti-christianity and illegality of American slavery.—Our audience was mostly composed of lawyers, who swarm here, and who say, "if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of oppression;" while they witnessed that they were the children of them which enslaved our countrymen,—for they now help lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and touch not the burdens with one of their fingers,—and truly bare witness that they allow the deeds of their fathers. The audience was very attentive, and, we learned, favorably impressed.

From St. Clairsville, we visited Barnsville, much noted for its slavocratic spirit, and addled-egg arguments. No public house could be procured here for the cause of bleeding humanity. Drs. ———, Judkins, opened their dwelling house for us, at which place thirty-five or fifty individuals collected, to whom we spoke about three hours, on slavery, judgment, and mercy. The audience was very attentive, and, we hope, profited. Received some subscribers for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sixth day, August 10th, went to Somerton. Found here many warm-hearted and zealous friends. We held two meetings here, in the 'Friends' meeting-house. The Friends here are truly "friends," in thought, word, and deed—not cold, quiet abstractions. They are not waiting for a special revelation to do that which is a self-evident duty to do. They feel

"What Nature makes them mourn, she bids them heal."

Our audience was large, at an early hour. We severally addressed them till a late hour in the evening,—then received twenty-eight subscribers for the Standard, and some donations on the One Dollar Pledge. All appeared very much animated in the glorious enterprise, and not afraid of "mixing with the world," in relieving their oppressed brethren. At the close of one of our meetings, an old man came upon the stand—a Methodist minister—and addressed the audience.—Said he was an abolitionist—God created him one—and when he united with the Methodist Church, he joined an abolition and temperance society. His old leader, John Wesley, was an abolitionist; and the Wesleyan Discipline was an abolition one. Whereupon, he took from his pocket an old edition, and read from it the anti-slavery doctrines it contained. Such doctrines he was determined to preach, if they cast him out of the synagogue,—the fear of which deterred many of his brother ministers from so doing.

Seventh day, 11th, we visited Belmont, and held a meeting, all day, in a beautiful grove. The gathering was very respectable, and interesting. Here we enjoyed free air, the songs of birds, free thought and free speech.—In the evening, we attended a temperance meeting in Wrightsville.

First day, 12th, met in the forenoon in the grove-house. Had a respectable audience. In the afternoon, held a meeting in Wrightsville—received several subscribers for the Standard. In the evening, Charles went to St. Clairsville, and attended to an appointment. Had a very respectable meeting in the Methodist meeting-house—some mobocratic spirit.

Second day, 13th, we visited Martinsville, opposite Wheeling, Virginia. In the forenoon, C. C. B. addressed a respectable audience, on the subject of temperance, in a large building built for a mechanics' shop. In the afternoon, we both addressed a very respectable and attentive audience, on the subject of slavery. We held four meetings here, with a very happy effect. Some were present from Wheeling,—all very orderly. At the close, a goodly number subscribed for the Standard, and several One Dollar subscriptions to the American Society were given us. In the afternoon, we went to Steubenville.—Found the slavocratic and lynch-law spirit so prevalent, that the friends of the slave thought it unsafe to attempt holding a meeting. They felt themselves in chains,—the freedom of speech taken from them—and themselves compelled to yield obedience to the despotic power of slavery, which reigns there. Glorious Republicans!—Democrats! and Christians! are they in Steubenville.—Slavery is cradled and nursed there. I had it from unquestionable authority, that in the large Female Seminary in Steubenville, all the young ladies, save three, are the daughters of slaveholders, or from slaveholding States; and when Elder Smith was mobbed there, recently, several of the gentle spirits expressed a strong desire to have the privilege of hurling some of their rotten-egg arguments at him, and to have the privilege of riding him on a rail; and the next Sabbath, Mr. B. the superintendent, a Presbyterian minister, preached a sermon in defence of the peculiar institution of his southern patrons. Noble specimens of female gentility and heroism! and of the spirit of Christ.

In this place I had an interview with a gentleman from Louisville, Ky. of intelligence and respectability, on the subject of slavery. He told me he was opposed to slavery, on the ground of political economy. He had frequently demonstrated to the slaveholders the evils of their system, in a fiscal point of view. 1. That they met with an average loss of 20 per cent. in their slave property, by food and clothing—20 per cent. in old age—20 per cent. in sickness and doctors' bills, and 20 per cent. more in deaths, (saying nothing of their losses in runaways, and the time and expense in attempting to recover them) leaving only 20 per cent. for use;—then, in case they were successful, and made 20 per cent. on what they had left, making 40 per cent—they could not possibly support themselves, and their servants, and carriages, and expensive journeyings, only on their credit with the eastern merchants, of whom they purchased goods, and paid for them if they could, conveniently—if not, they had to whistle for them. This was the only way they were saved from the necessity of laboring with their own hands for a living. He furthermore related to me and several others present, of the sale of two slaves, a husband and wife—the wife, a servant in the boarding house where he lived, in Louisville—by Henry Clay, the President of the American Colonization Society; and their separation, instanter, from their dear little child, and they driven off, almost frantic, down the river to Mississippi, on to a plantation. Doubtless this *noble philanthropist* will be the man whom the people will delight to honor as their Chief Magistrate,—one who, if his laborers were paid for their daily toil, would find himself a bankrupt!

As we were passing on our way through Steubenville, we espied a large stone church, and on the tower this inscription: "St. Paul's Church!" We wished a St. Paul might preach there; though in all probability, he would find as great a buzzing about his ears as when he preached in Ephesus. On a little further, we espied "Tappan's & Stanton's office"—and "Liberty Coffee-house"—names which strangely contrasted with the slavocracy and idolatry of the place! though no more strange than the rotten professions of Liberty and Christianity with the actual despotism of the United States!

Fifth day, 16th, attended an Anti-Slavery Convention in New Lisbon, Columbia County. The Convention met in the Friends' meeting-house; all the other houses, save the Seceders, which was in use, being bolted and barred against their enslaved fellow-countrymen, the representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ, who will say to them, "Depart from me,—inasmuch as ye have stopped your ears to the least of these, ye have done it to me."

The Convention being called to order, and a Chairman and Secretary appointed, the following resolutions were offered for discussion, to wit:

1. Resolved, That the system of American slavery is one of absolute despotism; in every respect, in principle and influence, anti-republican and anti-christian; a system with which neither liberty nor pure religion can co-exist.

2. Resolved, That it is virtually the institution of the whole nation—of the nominally free, as well as of those called slaveholding States; inasmuch as the people of all parts of the country aided in its introduction at first, and have participated in fostering, extending and protecting it, ever since.

3. Resolved, That the church and ministry of the free States are emphatically responsible and guilty for the continuance of "American slavery"—a system which John Wesley justly calls "the vilest that ever saw the sun;" because, while professing to be the Church and ministry of Christ, the "light of the world," and "salt of the earth," and professing, to a great extent, perhaps greater than any other class, the power of moulding public sentiment, they at the same time hold slaves, apologise for slaveholding, and live in full fellowship and communion with this "wicked and adulterous system."

4. Resolved, That those men called ministers, and those organized bodies called churches, that apologise for slavery, and condemn abolition,—that exclude the cause of suffering humanity from their houses of worship, while they admit slaveholders and their advocates, ought not to be recognized as the ministers and churches of Christ; inasmuch as they do not exhibit the spirit of Christ,—"and they who have not the spirit of Christ, are *none of His*."

5. Resolved, That we regard the promulgation of Truth, as God's appointed means for the reformation of a sinful world, and for the banishment of every moral evil;—that in its divine power and efficacy, exerted for the correction of public sentiment, enlightening the minds and renewing the hearts of the people, so that they shall recognize their enslaved countrymen as brethren, and "take away from the midst of them the yoke" of oppression, and "the putting forth of the finger of prejudice," is our only hope for the abolition of slavery; a hope of which we feel bound to seek the realization, by making ourselves willing instruments, in the hand of God, in extending the knowledge, and achieving the triumphs of this, His almighty and world-blessing truth.

These resolutions were advocated during the forenoon and afternoon sessions, before a respectable and attentive audience, by Charles Burleigh, in his usual eloquent and convincing manner, and myself—adducing numerous facts and arguments in their support, before many pro-slavery demagogues, who had been influenced to be present, in consequence of the flying report that the political question was to be discussed. After the discussion of the resolutions, they were adopted, unanimously. In the evening, the Convention held its session in the Seceders' meeting-house. The attendance was quite large. The following *novel resolutions* were presented, and eloquently and conclusively elucidated by Charles C. Burleigh, in an address of about two hours' length:

1. Resolved, That if the Declaration of Independence be not a lie; if there be any truth in what profound and learned jurists tell us, that "law dwelleth in the bosom of God," and that it is "the perfection of human reason," its purpose the maintenance of justice, the protection of rights, and the prevention or redress of wrongs; that "no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to the laws of nature," which, "dictated by God himself, is superior in obligation, to any other," and gives to such human laws as are valid, all their force, and all their authority;* that these laws are grounded upon the law of God," and can never bind us to do what *it* forbids; then it is impossible for any State or nation to frame a law for the reduction of any man to slavery, which he is morally or legally bound to obey; or for the empowering of one man to own another, which he has a moral or legal right to enforce.

2. Resolved, That the obedience which one man is morally or legally bound to render, no man has a moral or legal right to coërce; and that which no man has such right to coerce, no one has a like right to assist in coercing; and therefore, the slave being under no obligation to obey the pretended law which requires him to be a slave; neither has the master any right, moral or legal, to hold him in slavery, or bring him back to that condition, if he shall have escaped from it.—Nor have the people of the free States any right, moral or legal, to assist in such holding or bringing back.

In the support of these resolutions, brother Burleigh cited, at some length, the authorities of the most eminent jurists of England and America, and then proceeded to prove slavery to be contrary to the laws of nature and Holy Writ, and therefore *illegal*. He then took up the Declaration of Independence, to show the universal and inalienable rights of man, and the illegality of any law to take away those rights;—that the United States acknowledged the cogency and truthfulness of that Declaration, and waged a seven years' war in defence of those principles,—that Massachusetts abolished all slavery in the State under their Bill of Rights; and in Virginia, and other States where the same Bill of Rights obtains, slavery exists only by illegal statutes, or a slaveholding public sentiment, which forbids a just and merciful expounding of the law. His argument was new and radical; and ought to be published and put into the hands of every legal man in the free States, that they may learn their A, B, C, of law, and make a practical application of them, in defence of human rights. The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Sixth day, 17th. The Columbiana County Society held a special meeting this morning, with reference to the destruction of the Philanthropist press by the disgraceful mob in Cincinnati, and to manifest its determination to defend the liberty of the press by all moral means. After some statements of facts respecting the doings of the mob, their outrages upon the colored people, and the connivance of the civil and military powers with the mobocrats in destroying the press of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society, and spirit-stirring appeals by Isaac Pierce and Jacob Heaton, a resolution was adopted, and immediately carried into operation, to raise a subscription for the aid of the Philanthropist, and sixty dollars paid in, before adjournment. This was a noble effort, considering the friends had the day previous raised a subscription for the American Society, of seventy dollars.

Independent Nominations.—Immediately after the adjournment of the Society, the Convention resumed its sessions. Isaac Pierce introduced two resolutions: one in favor of acting out our principles at the ballot-box, when we go there, and the other in defence of independent nominations. When the question was explained and put to the movers of the resolution, they flew off in a tangent, and refused to join issue on the Liberty ticket system; but only advocated independent nominations when the other parties refused to put in nomination such men as are in favor of impartial liberty, and equal and just laws. Quite a lengthy discussion arose, however, on the subject; in which Isaac Pierce, Jacob Heaton and C. C. Burleigh participated. At 4 o'clock, P. M. a large audience gathered in the court-house, to hear a lecture from C. C. B. on a subject which had been given him by several of the citizens, as the theme of his discourse, to wit: "Our Country and its Destiny." It was exceedingly interesting, impressive, and eloquent. Some thought it quite revolutionary; because the doctrine, if carried out, would turn over the tables of slaveholders, aristocrats, speculators, ministers, churches, and the trading community, who live to eat and drink, to buy and sell, and to get great gain, power, and worldly honors.

The doctrine set forth by brother B. was, that all men should look upon their fellow-men as equals in rights, and "love their neighbors as themselves;" to live the fulfilment of the prophecy, he shall "overturn, and overturn, and overturn, until He shall reign whose right it is;" live for that which men now pretend to pray—but which we have too much reason to believe—hypocritically. *Professors* of religion pray that that time may come, every time they pray, Let thy kingdom come!—but when they have their duty set before them to live out their prayer, and whenever they see any indications of an overturning—especially if their own favorite *table* is in danger—they turn pale, and cry out, "revolutionary!" "Like the man behind the stone wall, praying that the stone wall might fall on him, if he had stole; when some passer-by hearing him, pushed the wall on to him, he thought it very strange the Lord should take in earnest, all a poor sinner said in jest." Thus with professors of religion: in a majority of cases, when they see that their form of prayer—"Let thy kingdom come"—is in danger of being answered, they beg to be excused, and plead off—"Not now, not now!" This discourse I intend to write out, and publish, with Charles' help.

Seventh day, 18th, brother Burleigh went to Hanover, to lecture in the afternoon and evening, and I went to Salem, where I lectured in the Methodists' house, to a full audience. The meetings in both places were quite large and attentive.

First day, 19th, we met in Marlboro, and held a meeting in the afternoon and evening, in the Friends' meeting-house. A large audience had gathered, and were waiting for us. Charles Burleigh addressed both meetings, on the system of slavery—its entire inconsistency with the principles of Christianity—and the duty of all to act in accordance with the dictates of our natural monitions, "What she makes us mourn, she bids us heal"—and the commands of Holy Writ, to "undo the heavy burdens," "let the oppressed go free," and "remember them in bonds, as bound with them." Also, what we had had to do with slavery, and what we can do. After the lecture, several subscriptions were given to the aid of the American Society.

Second day, 20th, we attended the Stark County meeting, in Canton. The audience was quite small,—the people wagging their heads, and passing by their countrymen in slavery, like the priest and Levite, on the other side. There are a very few here who are good abolitionists,—the Presbyterian minister, and two lawyers, among the few. In the evening, we attended an anti-slavery meeting in Massilon, which had been appointed for our faithful brother and friend of the slave, James Boyle. The audience was respectable, though small, for such a populous place. Brothers Boyle and Burleigh addressed the meeting, till a late hour, on the aggressions of slavery upon the liberties of the free States; at the close of which, a subscription was taken up for the Philanthropist.

Third day, 21st, we went to Wooster, Wayne County, county town. Our meeting here was respectable, though small in number, in consequence of a mistake in giving out the notice, and owing to a Baptist Convention, which was holding its sessions at the same time. We both addressed the meeting, on *practical* anti-slavery, versus abstract professions, and "what we can do." Found a few "friends" of the slave, who are "*worthy*," in this place.

Fourth day, 22d, we rode forty miles, over a rough and hilly road, in a cold and tempestuous rain-storm, to Mt. Vernon, Knox County. When we arrived, found ourselves pretty thoroughly saturated with cold water. The storm was so severe, as to prevent a meeting. We were kindly received and entertained by the slave's friend, Edward Weed.

Fifth day, 23d, C. C. B. tarried at Mt. Vernon, and addressed a large audience in the evening, comprising many lawyers, who were in town attending Court; and received subscribers for the Standard, and donations for the American Anti-Slavery Society,—while I went to Greenville, in Licking County, and fulfilled our appointment there. Though the notice of the meeting was short, the audience was large, and attentive to my discourse, for two hours—showing what the free States had to do with slavery, and what they could do, and their obligations to do, for the abolition of slavery.

This is a delightful country, and Greenville a very beautiful village—quite enterprising, and noted for its literary institutions; having two flourishing female seminaries, and a Baptist College, in a flourishing state.

Sixth day, 24th, met C. C. Burleigh in Columbus, though not in season to fulfil an appointment in the afternoon, in consequence of the excessive bad travelling. The few choice spirits, who are sighing and crying because of the blood and oppression which fills the land, went to the mayor, and other members of the civil authority, to procure a place for our evening meeting, but were turned off, very gruffly, and with threats of "consequences," if they attempted a meeting. We found the spirit of a Kelly here, contending with the evil genius of the city, for human rights.

Seventh day, 25th, we went on our way to Green County, where we were cordially received. Our communication announcing our design of visiting the "Green Plain friends," had not been received; consequently, were permitted to get into the "quiet," this evening, and refresh our wearied lungs and limbs.

First day, 26th, we held two meetings in the Friends' meeting-house, which were well attended, and edifying. Brother Burleigh addressed both meetings. Found a majority of the "friends" of this meeting uncompromising friends of the slave—letting their influence be felt, and bearing their testimony faithfully; which, by so doing, they are bringing upon their heads the indignation and vengeance of those, who, by such testimony, have their *quiet* disturbed, which constitutes their stereotyped meeting text. Here we received several subscriptions for the Standard.

Second day 27th, we set our faces for Richmond, Indiana, to improve the opportunity of presenting the claims of the slave upon the Friends, gathered here at Yearly meetings, of both Societies of Friends. On our way, called and dined with our friend, J. H. Purdy, of the Ohio Free Press, who gave us a hearty welcome. Night overtook us at Dayton, where we stopped, and attended a temperance meeting, which a reformed drunkard from Cincinnati addressed in a very interesting manner. At the close of his narrative of the woes, babblings, redness of eyes, and wounds without cure, several beings in human shape, with ulcerated eyes, bloated forms, and trembling limbs, came up and signed the pledge of total abstinence, which created much joy, even unto tears—yea, and great joy in heaven, over a self-degraded human being, restored again to *himself*. C. C. Burleigh afterwards addressed the meeting in an impressive manner, nearly an hour.

Third day 28th, C. C. B. yielded to the importunities of a few *friends* of the slave, which constitute the saving health of this city, to tarry and attend another temperance meeting; inferring, very correctly, that if they could get the drunkards into the temperance ranks, reformed; the slavocrats here would lose their mobocratic instruments, to disturb and break up anti-slavery meetings. I went over to Richmond, Wayne County, Indiana; arrived in season to attend an anti-slavery meeting, with our dear brother and excellent co-laborer, Oliver Johnson.—All the public houses, convenient for public meetings, were closed to the cause of bleeding humanity. Warner's Hall, a small room, was the only one afforded us. Brother Johnson addressed the audience, which was very respectable—those who could not get in doors, standing outside; about an hour and a half, in an appropriate and impressive manner—after which, I followed him in an address of about an hour's length, on what we have to do with slavery. The meeting was orderly and attentive, till a late hour.

Fourth day, 29th, we attended a meeting at 3 o'clock, P. M. which was crowded. I addressed it two hours, on the relations of the free States with the slaveholding States, the props which the various institutions afford to sustain the peculiar institutions of the South—its darkening and hardening influence upon the mind and heart of the free States, and the evils, moral, religious, and financial, which we had naturally sustained; the inevitable result of neighbor doing, and allowing injury, to his neighbor. In the evening, by some strange influence, the members of the Associate Reformed Church, permitted their house to be opened for a meeting, to listen to an address from Brother Burleigh, who addressed a large audience in a powerful manner. During the meeting an effort was made to break it up, by raising a false alarm of 'fire,' 'fire,'—at which the audience was startled, but immediately put in motionless silence, by the animated and eloquent strain, which the alarm had fired the speaker into. The alarm, and its influence upon the audience, was turned to a practical and good account, by the speaker. Brother Johnson will furnish an account of our meetings, and the slavocracy, which we have had to cope with here, in Church and State. We have made our arrangements to divide our labors for a season—friend Burleigh to go up through the west part of Ohio, and myself, to go up through Indiana, and we meet in Sherman, St. Joseph's County, which will be our post-office address, until the 20th instant—then Oberlin, Lorain County, Ohio, till the 4th of next month.

Thine, truly, for the slave,
E. D. HUDSON.

* See Judge Blackstone's Commentary.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXIX.

A man who lived in East New Jersey, went to the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1809, and took with him a young man about eighteen years old, a slave, to wait upon him. He remained in that city four or five months, when the slave called upon me, and asked me if he was not free. I informed him that he was not; that the law allowed his master to keep him there any time short of six months; but if he retained him a longer term in the State of Pennsylvania, he would then be free. His master it seems was not aware of this fact until that time had expired; when he was apprised of it, he became alarmed lest he might lose his *property*. To avoid this, he engaged a constable, who came with a carriage to the door of the house where the parties lodged, in Walnut, a few doors east of Second-street. The coachman left his carriage in the street, and accompanied the constable into the house. The boy had just been in the cellar for an armload of wood; and upon entering the parlor, saw the officer and the coachman ready to seize him, and take him away. The officer told the boy to put down his wood and go with him. The lad was frightened and immediately threw the wood against the shins of the officer, and ran down cellar, slamming the door to with much violence. As soon as the officer recovered himself, he went in search of the boy, but he had gone out at the front door, and went directly to my house.—When he got there, his black, woolly head was covered with snow; and had it not been for the distress and alarm depicted in his countenance, his appearance was enough to excite a smile. I endeavored to console him, by telling him that he was now out of danger; that he was free, and I would protect him.—After some time he became composed, and when relating the circumstance of throwing the wood against the officer laughed heartily.

After he had been in my house about half an hour, the master and the counstable came to inquire for him.

The master asked me if I had seen such a boy, describing him, and saying that he had no upper garment on, but was in his shirt sleeves, though it was snowing very fast. I told him I had. He then inquired if I knew where he was. I replied that I should decline answering that question. After some pretty severe remarks in relation to my harboring runaway servants, he left me.—In the course of half an hour, he returned with the officer, and said that Alderman Keppelle desired his respects and wished to see me at his office. I replied, that I thought it likely Alderman Keppelle had not much more respect for me than I had for him; but if he had more *business* with me than I had with him, I was at home, and might there be spoken with. He again withdrew; but returned in the course of an hour or too, bringing with him two constables and a stranger. The latter was very vociferous and impudent, telling me he was a lawyer, and making use of many threats of the consequences, if I did not surrender to the *gentleman* his slave; and said they had a warrant, and would search my house. I asked his name, he informed me it was Crane. I told him I was not in the habit of having my house overrun with Cranes, or Storks, or any such animals; and requested that they would leave my premises.

One of the officers then said "Mr. Hopper, I have a warrant to search your house." I replied, "Very well, execute it." He said he should not like to search my house by virtue of the warrant, but hoped I would consent to his doing so without; saying he had great respect for me. I told him that he need feel no delicacy on the occasion, and had better proceed to the extent

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1841.

INDIFFERENCE TO ANTI-SLAVERY.

This is the crying sin of the North—the greatest obstacle in the way of emancipation. With the spirit of genuine pro-slavery, it would be comparatively easy to contend; nay, that, in spite of itself, does our work for us, more effectually than we could do it for ourselves.—Every movement it makes, is so palpably at variance with our free institutions, and from its nature so prone to recklessness and violence, that it invariably defeats its own intent. But this cold-hearted indifference is our worst antagonist.

Every week, thousands of innocent babes are born into perpetual slavery; every week, thousands upon thousands groan and shriek under the torturing lash; every week, thousands upon thousands are the forced victims of brutal licentiousness; every week, thousands of mothers are torn from their little ones, stupified or frantic, with agony of heart; every week, thousands of lone wanderers are flying from oppression, no longer to be endured—stealthily threading their midnight way through swamps, and forests—hiding from daylight, in dens and caves of the earth—startled at every sound—their uneasy slumbers disturbed by dreams of rifles, and bloodhounds; and worse than all the rest, every week, more or less of those wretched fugitives arrive, toil-worn, and sad, to what they have fondly deemed the *free* States, and find themselves seized and hurled back into slavery, to suffer added cruelty, for the perils they have passed.

And while all this is going on, we are dancing in our saloons, or reclining on spring-sofas, by our comfortable fires, worse than thoughtless concerning this vast amount of misery and crime. I say *worse* than thoughtless; because whosoever does not exert their moral influence against slavery is, in fact, helping to sustain it. The courteous and wealthy slaveholder comes to your house, and dazzled by his agreeable qualities, you make no allusion to the grievous wrongs he is continually inflicting.—The cotton merchant apologises for slavery in your presence, and you stifle the spontaneous convictions of your own heart, because you fear to displease him. If you did your duty, in Christian freedom, he would fear *you*; and thus, while you exerted a righteous influence, you would likewise have checked the exertion of an evil one. The slaveholder went away strengthened in wrong by your silence; and thus while you sinned against your own soul, you became the cause of sin in others. There is nothing stands alone in God's universe. There is no such thing as an insulated fact. Every word you speak, and every word you fail to speak, has an agency in bringing about the great result of social good or evil.

Nothing is more note-worthy than the weakness of evil. It always seeks to sustain itself by the approval, or sufferance of the good; and without such approval or sufferance, it inevitably dies. In this conscious weakness lies the secret of all hypocrisy. Wickedness and falsehood dare not show their true colors, because they cannot keep place in society for a single hour, without the sympathy or toleration of the good.

And this thing, so weak and dastardly that it dare not appear unmasked before righteousness, but must needs cringe, and creep in disguise—of this despicable and powerless thing, righteousness is itself afraid!

"What is it," says Godwin, "that enables a thousand, errors to keep their station in the world? It is cowardice. Because while vice walks erect with an unabashed countenance, men less vicious dare not paint her with that truth of coloring, which should at once confirm the innocent and reform the guilty. Because the majority of those who are not involved in the busy scene, see that things are not altogether right, yet see in so frigid a way, and with so imperfect a view. If every man to-day, would tell all the truth he knows, three years hence there would scarcely be falsehood of any magnitude remaining in the civilized world."

Nothing is more injurious, or more unreasonable, than the general passive subservience to public opinion?—Assuredly, you and I have had our share of it; and ever must have a share, do as we may. Are you afraid of your neighbor? Depend upon it, your neighbor is likewise afraid of you; and whichever of you dares to be most free and truthful gains the greater ascendency over the other. Yea, one man, with a strong will and a sincere purpose, may change the entire current of public opinion, during his own life-time. But he that would be its master must never consent to be its servant.—"Why judge ye not for your *own selves* that which is right?"

Coleridge defines public opinion as "the average prejudices of the community." Wo unto those who have no safer guide of principle and practice than this "average of prejudices." Wo unto them in an especial manner, in these latter days, when "The windows of Heaven are opened, and *therefore* the foundations of the earth do *shake!*"

Feeble wanderers are they, following a flickering Jack-o'lantern, when there is a calm, bright pole-star forever above the horizon, to guide their steps, if they would but look to it.

As a component portion of this much-dreaded public opinion, what are you doing on the subject of slavery? I do not dictate *what* you shall do: but with a sober and somewhat indignant earnestness, I ask whether you are doing *anything* for its overthrow? If you have been silent, you have been guilty. Have you laid the flattering unction to your soul, that public opinion is all right in this section of the country? Then have you fallen into a most egregious error. The sympathy of the free States is largely, almost entirely given to the *masters*.—Nobody feels enough for the slave. The most zealous of the abolitionists are dull and cold, compared with what they would be, if their own husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, were in bondage. Yet the liberal soul should go beyond the narrow bounds of families, and sects, and clans, and nations, and acknowledge brotherhood with every human soul. If my brother lies trampled in the dust, God forbid that I should be unwilling to share the dust with him, till power, and pride and prejudice, lift their feet from his neck, and suffer him to stand erect, and walk unshackled, side by side with me, till we reach our Father's mansion.

You call this zeal; yet do I feel that my heart is cold in this matter, and needs continual urging. And if it be thus with me, how is it with the multitude, who quiet their consciences by saying that public sentiment is all right at the North? If it were really so, slavery could not stand before it two years! If public opinion were really sound in this matter, a gentlemanly, liberal slaveholder would be regarded and treated like a gentlemanly, liberal horse-thief; or like a very urbane and polished individual, who cheats his workmen out of their wages, and spends the money in choice wines for the hospitable entertainment of his friends. Nay, the slaveholder is *flattered* by these comparisons; for horses are not men—and the free laborer must blame his own carelessness, if he cannot find legal protection from habitual robbery. The slaveholder commits the theft, and by a system of continual force, which he calls law, takes away the power of redress. And we at the North are his pledged accomplices. And you, and I, so far as we seek to palliate his conduct, or shrink from revealing its utter baseness, are partners in the gigantic fraud.

Strong language, you call this? But assuredly it is not as strong as any of us would use, if our own children were the victims—if the laws sanctioned the brutal outrage—and if all our neighbors conjured us to speak in very gentle terms of the aggressor, because public opinion was all right in the abstract.—L. M. C.

CONSTITUTION OF RHODE ISLAND.

We are watching the progress of things in this gallant little State, with feelings of unusual interest. A call for the people to assemble in Convention, has been before the public some eight or nine months past. The Committee which issued that call, voted—

"That every American male citizen, twenty-one years of age and upwards, who has resided in this State one year, preceding the election of Delegates, shall vote for Delegates to the Convention, called by the State Committee to be held at the State-House in Providence, on the first Monday in October next."

At the late Suffrage Convention, a debate arose concerning the insertion of the word *white* before "male citizen;" and the amendment was passed, by a vote of 46 to 18. We give the debate on our first page. No wonder those in favor of this shameful amendment were shy of giving *reasons*. No wonder they felt obliged to resort to that old scape-goat of Satan, yclept *expediency*. The people had been called together to form a Constitution, because a large portion were "*unenfranchised*" by the present mode of government; and they were called together as the "friends of *justice*, of humanity, of *liberty*, of *equal rights*, of well-regulated constitutional government!"

Yet at the very outset, they are attempting to disfranchise a class of citizens, merely on account of complexion! We had hoped better things of the land of Roger Williams; and we still hope better things of her citizens at large. If they regard this distinction as odious only to a clique of fanatical abolitionists, they are much mistaken; the friends of freedom throughout the world will notice the disgraceful incongruity, and point at it the finger of scorn. If they consider such a movement "expedient," they err exceedingly. A discordant element in a free constitution is *always* an element of danger. It produces a perpetual and wearing friction in the wheels of State, and in the lapse of events often starts up to impede progress, in forms the most unexpected, and at moments the most perilous. Witness the sectional jealousies that have forever disturbed this Union, and the angry bickerings that have so often disgraced the Halls of Congress; almost entirely may these be traced to the clashing elements we have so vainly tried to reconcile in government. They who would worship Liberty, must do it with a *whole heart*. They must respect her laws, and trust in them undoubtingly. Her maxim is, "Reverence thy *neighbor's* freedom, and thereby secure thine *own*;" and no infringement of this principle goes unpunished.

Will the citizens of Rhode Island be deaf to the lessons of the past, and blind to the warnings of the present? Will they voluntarily disgrace themselves before the world? Are they content to furnish Metternich and Nicholas with amusing illustrations of the inconsistency of democratic institutions? Are they willing to add to the number by whom freedom has been wounded in the house of her friends?

They complain of inequality! *They* make an outcry about oppression! while they deliberately disfranchise a class of citizens guiltless of crime! This is, indeed, a precious comedy. Well may those who are opposed to a Constitution for Rhode Island jeer at them as follows: We quote from a mock address issued in Providence, by one who signs himself "Town Born."

"But we change the scene. Sad and slow, draped by nature for their mouraful fate, in long procession pass before us our colored brethren: and yet even to you we have a word to say. Yet we speak not to *you* as to other men. Policy and the people will not permit it. Divided from us at your birth, you must be separated from us even in the great change we propose. We cannot put the question of your admission to vote in the same instrument, or speak it in the same breath as we put and speak of the rights of your lighter colored fellow-men. You must sit in *the gallery* here, as in our meeting-houses and theatres. You may ride along in the same train of revolution with us, if you please, but alas! it *must be* in the James Crow car!! We had hoped better things; but we cannot, we dare not *darken* our cause by commingling you too much with ourselves. We must not peril the rights of man, by classing with them the rights of the colored man. We must not avow at this time that 'all men are created free and equal,' but are obliged to restrict this unmeaning generality, and act as if all *white men* only were created free and equal. Our Constitution must not be sullied by bearing upon it freedom to you along with freedom to us; but you may yet have your chance. Alone and wretched, at some future time, you may run the gauntlet of the people, with none to comfort or support or aid you; and if, when you have passed through this ordeal, you find yourselves flayed alive, recollect that we gave you the chance of getting rid of that unhappy skin which alone distinguishes you from us. Remember that our Constitution is of easy amendment. We *may* help you hereafter—*perhaps*.—*Wait for* us, and if you can find time, in the mean while—*wait upon* us."

The Suffrage Convention stands adjourned to the third Tuesday of November.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 10.

In a great metropolis like this, nothing is more observable than the infinite varieties of character. Almost without effort, one may happen to find himself, in the course of a few days, beside the Catholic kneeling before the Cross, the Mahometan bowing to the East, the Jew veiled before the ark of the testimony, the Baptist walking into the water, the Quaker keeping his head covered in the presence of dignitaries and solemnities of all sorts, and the Mormon quoting from the Golden Book which he has never seen.

More, perhaps, than any other city, except Paris, or New Orleans, this is a place of rapid fluctuation, and never-ceasing change. A large portion of the population are like mute actors, who tramp across the stage in pantomime or pageant, and are seen no more. The enterprising, the curious, the reckless, and the criminal, flock hither from all quarters of the world, as to a common centre, whence they might diverge at pleasure.—Where men are little known, they are imperfectly restrained; therefore, great numbers here, live with somewhat of that wild license which prevails in times of pestilence. Life is a reckless game, and death is a business transaction. Warehouses of ready-made coffins, stand beside warehouses of ready-made clothing, and the shroud is sold with spangled opera-dresses. Nay, you may chance to see exposed at sheriffs' sales, in public squares, piles of coffins, like nests of boxes, one within another, with a hole bored in the topmost lid to sustain the red flag of the auctioneer; who stands by, describing their conveniences and merits, with all the exaggerating eloquence of his tricky trade.

There is something impressive, even to painfulness, in this dense crowding of human existence, this mercantile familiarity with death. It has sometimes forced upon me, for a few moments, an appalling, night-mare sensation of vanishing identity—as if I were but an unknown, unnoticed, and unseparated drop in the great ocean of human existence—as if the uncomfortable old theory were true, and we were but portions of a Great Mundane Soul, to which we ultimately return, to be swallowed up in its infinity. But such ideas I expel at once, like phantasms of evil, which indeed they are. Unprofitable to all, they have a peculiarly bewildering and oppressive power over a mind constituted like my own; so prone to eager questioning of the infinite, and curious search into the invisible. I find it wiser to forbear inflating this balloon of thought, lest it roll me away through unlimited space, until I become like the absent man, who put his clothes in bed, and hung himself over the chair; or like his twin-brother, who laid his candle on the pillow, and blew himself out.

You will, at least, my dear friend, give these letters the credit of being utterly unpremeditated; for Flibbertigibbet himself never moved with more unexpected and incoherent variety. I have wandered almost as far from my starting point, as Saturn's ring is from Mercury; but I will return to the varieties in New-York. Among them, I often meet a tall Scotsman, with sandy hair and high cheek-bones—a regular Sawny, with tartan plaid and bag-pipe. And where do you guess he most frequently plies his poetic trade? Why, in the slaughter-houses! of which a hundred or more send forth their polluted breath into the atmosphere of this swarming city hive! There, if you are curious to witness incongruities, you may almost any day see grunting pigs or bleating lambs, with throats cut to the tune of Highland Mary, or Bonny Doon, or Lochaber no more.

Among those who have flitted across my path, in this thoroughfare of nations, few have interested me more strongly than an old sea-captain, who needed only Sir Walter's education, his wild excursions through solitary dells and rugged mountain-passes, and his familiarity with legendary lore, to make him, too, a poet and a romancer. Untutored as he was, a rough son of the ocean, he had combined in his character the rarest elements of fun and pathos; side by side, they glanced through his conversation, in a manner almost Shakspearean. They shone, likewise, in his weather-beaten countenance; for he had the eye of Wordsworth, and the mouth of Moliere.

One of his numerous stories particularly impressed my imagination, and remains there like a cabinet-picture, by Claude. He said he was once on board a steamboat, full of poor foreigners, going up the Mississippi to some place of destination in the yet unsettled wilderness. The room where these poor emigrants were huddled together, was miserable enough. In one corner, two dissipated-looking fellows were squatted on the floor, playing All-fours with dirty cards; in another, lay a victim of intemperance, senseless, with a bottle in his hand; in another, a young Englishman, dying of consumption—kindly tended by a venerable Swiss emigrant, with his helpful wife, and artless daughter. The Englishman was an intelligent, well-informed young man, who, being unable to marry the object of his choice, with any chance of comfortable support in his own country, had come to prepare a home for his beloved in the Elderado of the West. A neglected cold brought on lung fever, which left him in a rapid decline; but still, full of hope, he was pushing on for the township where he had planned for himself a domestic paradise. He was now among strangers, and felt that death was near. The Swiss emigrants treated him with that thoughtful, zealous tenderness, which springs from genial hearts deeply imbued with the religious sentiment. One wish of his soul they could not gratify, by reason of their ignorance. Being too weak to hold a pen, he earnestly desired to dictate to some one else a letter to his mother and his betrothed. This, Captain T. readily consented to do; and promised, so far as in him lay, to carry into effect any arrangements he might wish to make.

Soon after this melancholy duty was fulfilled, the young sufferer departed. When the steamboat arrived at its final destination, the kind-hearted Captain T. made the best arrangements he could for a decent burial. There was no chaplain on board; and, unused as he was to the performance of religious ceremonies, he himself read the funeral service from a book of Common Prayer, found in the young stranger's trunk. The body was tenderly placed on a board, and carried out, face upwards, into the silent solitude of the primeval forest. The sun, verging to the west, cast oblique glances through the foliage, and played on the sleeping countenance in flickering light and shadow. Even the most dissipated of the emigrants were sobered by a scene so touching and so solemn, and all followed reverently in procession. Having dug the grave, they laid him carefully within, and replaced the sods above him; then, sadly and thoughtfully, they returned slowly to the boat.

Subdued to tender melancholy by the scene he had witnessed, and the unusual service he had performed, Captain T. avoided company, and wandered off alone into the woods. Unquiet questionings, and far-reaching thoughts of God and immortality, lifted his soul toward the Eternal; and heedless of his footsteps, he lost his way in the windings of the forest. A widely devious and circuitous route brought him within sound of human voices. It was a gushing melody, taking its rest in sweetest cadences. With pleased surprise, he followed it, and came, suddenly and unexpectedly, in view of the new-made grave. The kindly Swiss matron, and her innocent daughter, had woven a large and beautiful Cross, from the broad leaves of the papaw tree, and twined it with the pure white blossoms of the trailing Convolvulus. They had placed it reverently at the head of the stranger's grave, and kneeling before it, chanted their evening hymn to the Virgin. A glowing twilight shed its rosy flush on the consecrated symbol, and the modest, friendly faces of those humble worshippers. Thus beautifully they paid *their* tribute of respect to the unknown one, of another faith, and a foreign clime, who had left home and kindred, to die among strangers in the wilderness.

How would the holy gracefulness of this scene have melted the heart of his mother and his beloved!

I had many more things to say to you; but I will leave them unsaid. I leave you alone with this sweet picture, that your memory may consecrate it as mine has done.—L. M. C.

THE SPECIAL MEETING POSTPONED.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Monday, October 16th, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published.

"Whereas, it appears from a more general expression of opinion, that entire unanimity does not exist with regard to the proposed special meeting at Philadelphia, in December,—and that the lateness of the hour at which the call was issued will prove unfavorable to a full representation from distant parts of the country—

Therefore, resolved, That the notice for said meeting be withdrawn."

(Signed) J. S. GIBBONS, Ch. of Com.
JAMES HUDSON, Secretary pro tem.

It is due to the Executive Committee to say, that up to the date at which the notice was issued, their correspondence held but one sentiment on the subject—and that was favorable to the proposition. Their desire to obtain a general expression of opinion, before deciding on a measure of such moment, was the main cause of the publication being made so late. Had the friends of the Society been more prompt in the communication of their sentiments, for which ample time was allowed, the inexpediency of the call would have been apparent, and it had not been issued. The Executive Committee are therefore, not chargeable with precipitancy in the premises.—G.

Our friend John A. Collins has written a graphic account of outrages on passengers, committed by the directors and conductors of the Eastern Railroad Company. We shall publish it next week. Massachusetts contests with Cincinnati, the honors of galley-slave-ship to the South!

AGENT.—James Monroe is travelling as an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We commend him to the favorable notice of the friends of abolition.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE GABRIELLA.—We regret sincerely to learn that this notorious slaver succeeded in shipping some FIVE HUNDRED slaves in the neighborhood of Gallinas, with whom she got safely off the coast. *H. B. M. Brig Saracen, it is reported, was in sight nearly all the time the slaves were embarking*, but confident in her superior sailing, the Gabriella paid no attention to the cruizer until she was nearly within gun-shot, when the anchor was weighed, all sails spread to the breeze, and the Gabriella, with her human cargo safely stowed, stood across the bows of the "Saracen," and was soon out of sight on her voyage to the Havana. Another slaver, whose name we have not learned, sailed a few weeks since, with about THREE HUNDRED slaves from the same neighborhood.—*Liberia Herald.*

THORNTON ON SLAVERY.—This is a book of 345 pages, published by Wm. M. Morrison, of Washington city, and written by "Rev. T. C. Thornton, President of the Centenary College, Clinton, Mississippi." The author is, we understand, a member of the Methodist Church—of that Church whose founder declared all slaveholding to be sinful, and indeed to be no less than man-stealing.—Yet the principal objects of the work appear to be, 1. To defend slavery. 2. To advocate colonization. 3. To recommend the annexation of Texas to the Union. Whether it be written at the solicitation of Texan speculators or not we cannot say, but it is such a book as they would wish, so far as its sentiments go, though they might well desire one more powerful in argument. As was to be expected, it seems to have given lively pleasure to the Colonizationists, and the African Repository has published an article commending it to its readers—*Penn. Freeman.*

"QUAKERS AND ABOLITIONISM.—The manly and determined course of the southern press on the subject of abolition is sensibly felt at the North. The Quakers of Philadelphia have recently ejected many of their members—and solely on the charge of abolitionism. The merchants in all religious societies of the free States are warmly in favor of similar measures, and we expect that this example will have an excellent effect."

There is a mixture of truth and error in the above extract from the Natchitoches (Louisiana) Herald. "The course of the southern press" is "determined," but not "manly," and it "is sensibly felt at the North." "The Quakers of Philadelphia" have not "ejected many (or any) of their members, on the ground of abolitionism"—but the Quakers of New-York city have ejected two of their number on that ground, though under another pretext. Even *they* were ashamed or afraid to take such ground openly. There *are some* "merchants in all religious societies of the free States, who are warmly in favor" of ejecting abolitionism in every form, from the church pale—but there are many in most of the northern churches who would eject *pro-slavery* in all its forms; and ere long, *the church herself* will be ejected from the circle of civilized institutions, if she do not purge her garments of communionship with piracy on human rights. Southern editors refuse to exchange with anti-slavery papers, and that is one reason why they are so ill-informed, on every thing connected with the growth of abolition at the North.

MYSTERIOUS.—On a certain Monday morning, a few weeks since, a Mr. James Russ, of Loudon county, Virginia, discovered that two of his most valuable slaves were among the missing; and, on further examination, found also that two of his horses had disappeared.

Whether the slaves had run away with the horses, or the horses with them, might perhaps have been a matter of doubt, but certain he was, they had all gone together. After spending several days in vainly endeavoring to hunt up his lost quadrupeds and bipeds, he returned home in no enviable mood of mind, and on examining his carriage house he discovered, to his great and increased amazement, that his carriage also was gone; and that in such a manner as left him no reason to doubt that it had gone off behind the horses.

Now, as the owner will be glad to have some light thrown on the "whereabouts" of his property, we would recommend him to read the Philadelphia Inquirer of last week. In it he will find an article headed "Mysterious," and stating that "a carriage, valued at several hundred dollars was found in the woods near Pittsburg a week or two ago, and that the probability was, the owner had been murdered." If this notice should not lead Mr. Russ to the recovery of all his legitimate property (and in the loss of it we assure him he has our sincere sympathy) he will at least have the pleasant consciousness that he is not "murdered," and that he has a reasonable prospect of recovering a part, if no more, of what fairly belongs to him. In the loss of his human chattels, we confess we feel but little sympathy. They never rightfully belonged to him. He had no more right to them than the Algerine pirates had to their American captives, nor than the original kidnappers had to their African forefathers. They were *human beings*, and therefore could not be rightfully transmitted by inheritance, nor purchased with money. In taking their freedom, they took only what belonged to them, and what their "owner" would have himself taken had he been in the same situation, and had the boldness to attempt it.—*Pa. Freeman.*

SLAVE CASE.—Two colored men were arrested yesterday, by officer Wait, on a warrant issued by Justice Hoadly, as runaway slaves, on the complaint of a man from Louisiana. The negroes were committed to jail, and were this forenoon brought before Judges Whittlesey and Barbour, for examination. Counsel for the claimant, Messrs. Payne & Wilson, and H. Foote. On the part of the colored men, Messrs. Bolton, J. A. Foote, Wells, Stetson, and Sterling. At the instance of the counsel for the negroes, the examination was postponed for two weeks, to enable them to procure testimony from the State of New-York that they are freemen. The black law of Ohio requires that the suspected slave shall give bail in case of the continuance of his examination in the sum of $1,000 or stand committed. The negroes unable to give the bail required, were committed to jail. For what *crime?* good reader.

One of the arrested, an active, light mulatto boy, we learn, was decoyed here from Buffalo, for the purpose of preventing his right to a jury trial under the humane laws, of New-York. The men and means employed to decoy the lad may be spoken of hereafter.—*Cleve. Her.*

Ten slavers were brought in at St. Helena and condemned in June last.

CUBA.—By the subjoined extract from the New Orleans Bulletin of the 5th instant, we have further rumors of the design of Great Britain on Cuba. Cuba will be a very pretty position for Great Britain to occupy on the South flank of the United States, with the slaveholding portion of citizens under her eye. But to the extract:

"A commercial gentleman who has spent some weeks in Havana informs his correspondent in this city that he has become satisfied, from information he has obtained in the best quarters, that England is negotiating with Spain for a cession of Cuba. Some of the steps he has learned the British Government have taken in the matter he states thus:—'The English demand the liberation of the negroes introduced here since the Treaty of 1820, as being called for by the spirit of that document. The Government at Madrid referred the question to the Governor here, who called a junto of rich people; they answered, (with one exception) 'We cannot allow it.' Now, England has said it *must* be done. If the Regent of Spain says to Cuba, 'Do it,' and the People of Cuba persist in saying 'No,' what will be the result? Submission to such a demand seems to me to be out of the question.—A proud Spaniard asked me the other day if I thought that the United States would accept of the Island? I answered—'I believe the Island would be received, but you must first achieve your own independence—then she will acknowledge you and take you in as a partner.' But the grand question is—Will Uncle Sam allow *Bully* Bull to take possession here, even if old Spain consents? If he does, adieu to Peace; our Southern institutions will at least be jeoparded, and a valuable trade closed against us.'"

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (Oct.) 19.

For the Standard:—Thomas Swayne, Coatesville, Clark county, Ohio, $2; Benjamin Michenor, Zanesfield, Logan county, Ohio, $2; Edwin Hillerman, Azalia, Bartholomew county, Indiana, $1; Edmund Smith Penn, Jay county, Indiana, $2; Hannah Hiatt, Richmond, Wayne county, Indiana, $2; Mary P. Wilson, Richmond, Wayne county, Indiana, $1. The following persons, of Richmond, Wayne county, Indiana, have paid $1 50 each, Julia Ann French, Abraham Bunker, Isaac Cook, William B. Edmondson, Rowland T. Reed, Warner Grave, Abigail Cox, Nathan Grave, David J. Grave, Elihu Morrow, James Hunnicutt;—Joseph Ingraham, New Garden, Columbiana county, Ohio, $2; H. B. Hurlbut, Massillon, Stark county, Ohio, $2; Martha Millard, New Garden, Columbiana county, Ohio, $2; Joseph A. Dugdale, Coatesville, Clark county, Ohio, $3; Lewis Cooper, Mt. Vernon, Knox county, Ohio, $2; Thomas Beard, Liberty, Union county, Indiana, $2; J. Hallowell, Rochester, New York, $2, Townsend Cock, Elba, Genesee county, New York, $2; J. P. Whitcomb, Harvard, Mass. paid $10 for the following persons, viz: John Park, Esq., Dr. E. A. Holman, Isaac N. Stone, John Park, 2d, Ward S. Gerry, Robert Willard and Willard Dadman;—William Harlow, Wrentham, Mass. $8 56. The following persons, Fiskville, R. I. paid each $2, viz: Hardin Fisk, Dr. Daniel Baker, Francis Briggs, C. F. Rea;—Robert Armstrong, Coventry, R. I. $2. The following persons, of West Killingly, Ct. have paid $1 43 each, viz: Lucy A. Tracy, Joel Davison, Silas Clapp, Abel Segur, F. James, N. Parkhurst, B. Segur. The following persons, of East Killingly, Ct. have paid $1 43, each, viz: John B. Truesdell, Erastus Boyden, Thomas Montgomery, Joseph Essex, Albert Brown, Stephen Oatley, and Norris G. Lippitt; William H. Hunt, Monteville, Me. $2; Miriam Hussey, Portland, Me. $2;—Sophia S. McFarland, Framingham, Mass. $2; Sarah F. Rice, Framingham, Mass. $1; Prude Ann Huestis, Framingham, Mass. $1; Doct. Jarvis Lewis, Waltham, Mass. $6 50; Elizabeth Wheelwright, Newburyport, Mass. $2; Benjamin Merrill, Georgetown, Mass. $1; Thomas M. Hayes, Haverhill, Mass. $1; Mrs. D. B. Gerrish, Concord, Mass. $2; Abby Tolman, Concord, Mass. $2; Mrs. Doct. Tewksbury, Concord, Mass. $1; Cyrus Pierce, Lexington, Mass. $2; Charles Tidd, Lexington, Mass. $2; Francis Wyman, Lexington, Mass. $2; Julia A. Wilbur, Rush, New York, $2; Jacob Alrichs, Wilmington, Del. $2; William P. Powell, city of New York, $7; Mary B. Swayne, Millwood, Guernsey county, Ohio, $2; Lydia Gillingham, Philadelphia, $2; Mary Richards, Wilmington, Del. $2; Abby Kelly, for the following persons, East Greenwich, R. I. viz: Albert Sanford, Margaret Rathborn, J. C. Sandford, George S. Searle, Sylvester S. Briggs, Lydia P. Brown, Robert Sherman, Henry C. Wightman, Benjaman T. Clark, Harriet Gardiner, A. P. Northrop, and J. C. Reynolds, $17; Pollard G. Brown, Dighton, Mass. $2.—The following persons of East Greenwich, R. I. have paid $1 41, each: Louisa Casey, Emma Fry, William G. Weaver, Catherine Cornell, Charles C. Eldridge, John Brown, Esic Spencer, James Richardson, Arnold Weaver, Ruth G. Howland; and the following $1 40, Gibbs Earle, William Bateman, William Cornell, Simeon Weaver, Jeremiah S. Slocum—and Ebenezer Slocum. The following persons, of Apponang, R. I. have paid $1 43, each, viz: Augustus G. Miller, Rufus Green, Catharine Westcott, Junia S. Mowry, Albert D. Green, Mary Warner;—William D. Brayton, $1 42,—per Abby Kelly; Lois Shove, Dighton, Mass. $2—$192,06.

Donations.—George Tripp, Marlboro, Stark county, Ohio, 50 cents; Cash, Marlboro, Stark county, Ohio, 25 cts; Mt. Vernon, Knox county, Ohio, $5 40; a collection in Menden, Mass. $4; Millbury Fair, $1; sundry persons in East and West Killingly, Ct. $22; Female Anti-Slavery Society, (cent-a-week society,) of Sterling, Mass. by their Secretary, Sylvia Breck, $13—$47,15.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

P. S. The two dollars credited in the Standard of the 14th instant, to Charles Roath, should have been placed to the credit of John H. Clark.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged			$744 00
745	Joseph Ingraham, New Garden, Columbiana County, Ohio,		1 00
746	Elisha Hawley, Marlboro, Stark Co. Ohio,		1 00
747	Jonathan Wildman,	" " "	1 00
748	Josiah Hickock,	" " "	1 00
749	Israel Scott,	" " "	1 00
750	Abram C. Wildman,	" " "	1 00
751	Wm. Primm, Massilon,	" " "	1 00
752	William Mason,	" " "	1 00
753	John Gunn, Washington, Ct.		1 00
754	F. W. Gunn,	" "	1 00
755	Miriam Hussey, Portland, Me.		1 00
756	Ruth H. Morrell,	" "	1 00
757	Peter A. Morrell,	" "	1 00
758	Abby Tolman,	" "	1 00
759	Lydia White, Philadelphia,		1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

The McLeod Case.—The Jury in this case retired for twenty minutes, and brought in a verdict of acquittal.—McLeod was to proceed via. Albany to Boston, whence he expected to sail for England. So, one fruitful theme of controversy and alarm between the government and people of that country and our own, is happily removed.

Election in Pennsylvania.—The State election returns show large majorities for the Democratic candidates.—The Whigs have carried the city of Philadelphia, as usual, but fail through the State, generally. The abolition ticket received 100 votes in the city.

Mr. Fitch, who was arrested in Philadelphia a short time since, and taken to Connecticut on a requisition of the Governor of that State, to answer the charge of an extensive fraud committed 17 years ago, has returned to his home, having proved himself guiltless.

The following account of the trade of the East Indies with Great Britain, taken from a late number of the London Times, confirms the statements in last week's Standard, on the commerce of British India:

British Trade with the East Indies.—According to Mr. Strikeman's comparative statement of the number of British ships, with tonnage, etc. which entered inwards and cleared outwards, from and to places within the limits of the East India Company's charter, for the quarter ending June 30th, 1841, it appears that the total number of ships entered inwards, was 402, with 158,388 tonnage, and 8,249 men; showing, as compared with the same quarter of 1840, an increase of 83 ships, 35,139 tonnage, and 1,602 men. Of this total amount, 278 ships, 111,423 tonnage, and 6,056 men, entered at London; 90 ships, 35,172 tonnage, and 1,583 men, entered at Liverpool; 9 ships, 3,208 tonnage, and 166 men, entered at Clyde, Leith, and other British ports.

The arrivals were as follows: 135 ships from Calcutta; 5 from Madras; 35 from Bombay; 14 from China; 9 from Ceylon; 28 from Singapore and Penang (British settlements;) 12 from Phillipine Islands; 17 from Java and Sumatra; 75 from the island of Mauritius; 32 from New South Wales; 1 from Madagascar; 27 from the Cape of Good Hope; and 11 from other ports.

The clearances outwards comprised a total of 480 ships, 194,798 tonnage, and 983 men, which, as compared with the same period of 1840, gives an increase of 75 ships, 40,147 tonnage, and 1,480 men.

Imports from British India.—The September number of that excellent commercial journal, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, contains an article on the Commerce of British India, written by a South Carolinian, which is well calculated to show our southern planters the position in which they stand to their rivals in the East Indies. It contains many facts not generally known, a slight reference to which may not be useless.

Of cotton, the Bombay Times says that up to March 11th, 1840, the exports to England from that Presidency were 69,522 cwts. and to the same period of this year, 324,699 cwts. In 1831, the imports from all parts of British India were 75,627 bales; in 1835, 116,153 bales; and in 1840, 216,784 bales. The importation in 1839, was 47,233,959 lbs. and in 1840, 75,703,295 lbs. Of rice, the imports in 1835 were 66,000 bags, and in 1839, 97,000. Coffee in 1834 was 3,000,000 lbs. and in 1840, over 15,000,000 lbs. Hides imported into Liverpool in 1835, were 277,000, and in 1839, 443,000. The time is rapidly drawing on, when England will be able to do what interest and philanthropy both render desirable for her, to dispense with the slave-grown products of this country, and thus a death-blow be dealt to the system.

Herculaneum.—It is stated that the Neapolitan Government have resolved upon undertaking some new excavations at Herculaneum and its neighborhood, and it is added that they will be on an extensive scale. Negotiations have commenced already with this view for the purchase of various estates on this spot; and as soon as these purchases have been completed, the works will be commenced. A commission of antiquarians and architects is to be appointed by the Ministers of the Interior and the Royal Academy of Sciences, to preside over the operations of the workmen, and no doubt discoveries will be made to add largely to the present knowledge of this interesting ruined city, and the manners and customs of its former inhabitants.

A Water Walker.—A letter from England states that a man recently walked erect on the surface of Lake Meler, in his ordinary dress, with a small, narrow boat, resembling Laplander's skates, attached to each of his feet.

A clockmaker of Vienna has constructed a clock which shows the time at that place and at seventy two others, in different parts of the world, simultaneously; all being set in motion by the Vienna clock.

A Steam Organ.—The Belgian papers announce the invention by M. Sax, of a steam organ—a monster instrument, with vibration plates, (huge steel bars, to which immense pressure alone can communicate vibration)—capable of being heard over a whole province.

Free Exhibitions of Works of Art in England.—The result of the great experiment of admitting the public, on the annual holiday, to the British Museum, has proved very satisfactory. Sir Henry Ellis states, that from 16,000 to 32,000 persons have passed through the rooms in a single day, without any accident or mischief.

Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, the author and illustrator of the popular octavos on the Ruins of Ancient Cities in Central America, sailed on Saturday on a farther tour of exploration in that region. They took out a complete Daguereotype Apparatus, by which they will be enabled to take exact impressions of the wonderful ruins still imperfectly explored in Guatimala, Mexico, and Yucatan. The best wishes of thousands attend them.

Rapidity of Modern Travel.—Doctor Grant, American Missionary in Persia, visited this country last year, for the purpose of publishing his work on the "Lost tribes of Israel." He has returned to his interesting field of labor, and states in a letter to a friend in this country, that in less than *six weeks* after setting sail, he was standing on the shores of Asia, of which six weeks, nearly two were spent in intermediate places, including six days in London, two in Paris, one each in Halifax, Liverpool, Marseilles and Malta, and some hours each at some of the ports of Italy and insular Greece. Doctor Grant returned to Constantinople in less than two months after leaving, having travelled not less than 15,000 miles in that period.—*Concord Cong. Jour.*

Iron.—We learn from the Pittsburg Advocate that iron is fast coming into use in that region as a building material. The front of the Miners' Bank, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, is made of that material, and is said to be very beautiful. The Advocate says that as timber becomes scarce, the population in that vicinity may be compelled to resort to iron for building altogether, and congratulates itself that there is no danger of scarcity of *such* timber.

The German silver which has been used among us for some time, and to a considerable extent, is said to be nothing more than the white copper long known and used in China

Poetry.

From the Roston Notion.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LUCY HOOPER,

Who died in Brooklyn, L. I. on the 1st of 8th mo. aged 24 years.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

This lamented and much-gifted young lady was a sincere friend to the anti-slavery cause, which she occasionally aided by her poetic contributions.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished,
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead!—
Cold twilight of a parted day.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the beautiful and good;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the beautiful and the best.
Of them—of thee remains there nought
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?—
A shadow in the land of thought?

No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.
Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And, save the absence of an ill,
And pain and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of sere leaves by the west-wind blown.
There's not a charm of soul or brow—
Of all we knew and loved in thee—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
Cast of the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold;
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms, of the Infinite—
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back through mortal pain,
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee 'midst the household graves,
Where father, brother, sister lie;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
Above thee bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer,
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;
And owning not thy creed, could see
How life-like it must seem to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear.
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile:
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

Amesbury, 12th, 8th mo. 1841.

LOVE TO MAN.

Abon Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold—
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those that love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abon. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished—The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

SLAVERY.

The grated dungeon and the iron gyves,
The platted scourge, the allotted task, the marts,
Where ruthless hands tear hearts from bleeding hearts,
With all the enginery that Hell contrives,
To aid the oppressor in the trade he drives,
All make not slavery; but when there darts
No fire along the naked soul, and strives
The broken spirit no more within the breast,
Scarred by the lash, oh, then the utmost curse
Of Tyranny is perfected; Hate may rest;
Man hath done all, and Hell can do no worse:
That soulless wreck of being is a *slave*,
Whose fetters none can break—no, not th'
Omnipotent Grave.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It will be necessary that I should again lose sight of my hero for a short time, that the reader may be enabled to understand the position of those whom accident had made of importance to his future destiny.

After quitting the mansion of Frederic Steinmark, Juno lost no time in letting Colonel Dart understand that it was necessary he should forthwith, for his own especial well-being and safety, despatch a civil epistle to the German proprietor of Reichland, assuring him that if he stood in need of an excellent gardener, the best thing he could do would be to purchase a slave, known by the name of Cæsar Bush, from the factory of Mr. Oglevie, near New Orleans.

Colonel Dart had done so many things of greater importance at the bidding of Juno, that it was not likely she should find much trouble in obtaining his compliance with this new behest; nor in fact did she, though the little gentleman did look rather more puzzled than usual at the request.

"But what the devil is it to me, Juno, who that German idiot, that works his grounds with white men, has for a gardener? Why for shouldn't he go on as he began, without owning a slave? He'll be sure to get ruined at last, and it isn't I that have any right to stop him."

"I well know that it is not for the master of all," replied Juno, "to trouble himself with the concerns of any such mean, ignorant, foreign whites, as the people at Reichland: but neither have the people at Reichland, in good truth, anything to do with this matter, excepting as we have the wit to make them act and do for the furtherance of the affairs of others. It is needful for the safety of Paradise Plantation, and for the more precious safety, still, of him who is the master of it, that this young slave Cæsar, who will act faithfully by my orders, should be stationed near us. This is all; and the man called Frederic Steinmark, is only to be a tool in our hands.

Juno pronounced this harangue in an accent of such assured authority, that the colonel never for an instant conceived the possibility of refusing to do what she desired; and the letter was accordingly written in very precise conformity to her instructions, and forthwith delivered into her hands.

Furnished with this document, she sought and found Edward Bligh, who had suffered much in mind since the dangerous hours passed in Karl Steinmark's strawberry-field. Though the gossip so confidently repeated at Mt. Etna, respecting the marriage of Lotte with the young baron, was certainly premature, there was already enough of love between them, to "show the eyes and grieve the heart" of poor Edward, and to convince him, with dreadful torturing certainty, that woman's love, that drop of redeeming sweetness, that seems thrown by Providence into the bitter cup of human life, to render it bearable to those doomed to quaff it, would never be distilled into his.

Two subsequent visits, made with trembling hope and sickening fear, had fully convinced him of this; but with the gentle resignation and high courage of his noble nature, he saw in it only a new proof that it was Heaven's will he should not bind his affections to any thing on earth, but hold himself prepared to sacrifice a life, perhaps mercifully made of little value, whenever the duty to which he had devoted himself should demand his doing so.

Poor Edward!—if the enthusiasm which a worldly scoffer would have called his hobby-horse, did indeed lead him astray to a degree that indicated a mind diseased, it was a malady which, like the redundant blossom often seen to burst the calyx that should retain it, manifested a richness and perfection only too powerful for nature to sustain.

When Juno reached his forest-home, she found him sitting with his Bible open on his little table; but his eye at that moment was not perusing the page spread out before him, but rested, as it were, on vacancy, with that fixed gaze in which the soul seems to look out farther than the bodily organ can follow it.

Old Juno was no favorite with Edward; and had not the vehement feelings, recently excited and so quickly checked, left him in a state of such subdued and melancholy gentleness as made him feel it only a fulfilment of his destiny to bear and forbear with all persons, and in all circumstances to which he might be exposed, it is probable that the errand she came to send him on, might not have been so meekly accepted as it was.

"I see not well how this letter can be likely to benefit Cæsar, my good woman; but I will deliver it to Mr. Steinmark, as you are so earnest with me to do so."

"The blessing of Heaven need not be invoked by such as I am, on such as you are," replied Juno, "or I would kneel down now to ask for it; but, Master Edward, though you have no faith in Juno, you will do, even at her bidding, what will make poor Cæsar the safe property of this good and righteous foreigner, instead of leaving him in hourly risk of again becoming the prey of a creole slave-driver. Say!—will you not?"

"I will, indeed, Juno, if I have the power to do it. But it is contrary to the principles of Frederic Steinmark, to purchase a slave—why, therefore, should you suppose that he would do it now?"

"The principles of Frederic Steinmark," answered Juno, "will never restrain him from doing a good action, however much the manner of it may be foreign to the habits of his life. By redeeming this poor runaway, from the peril that hangs over him, the good Frederic Steinmark will not become the thing he abominates—a dealer in human flesh, an impious trampler on the image of God—in one single unholy word, a slaveholder: where he to purchase the whole race, Frederic Steinmark would not be this. It is not, Master Edward, the having possession of a morsel of written paper, which, by the wicked laws of this sinful country, is made to give one man a right to rob another of all that God bestowed upon him at his birth,—it is not holding this harmless paper, Master Edward, that can turn a good man into that accursed thing, a slaveholder. Even in this land of white man's sin, and black man's suffering—even in Louisiana, there are some who have purchased a right to protect the negroes who willingly, joyfully, and gratefully work for them—for they are kindly treated. If Frederic Steinmark were a man to doubt that this is possible, I would bid him turn his benevolent eyes, that seem to shed kindness upon all men,—I would bid him turn those gentle, reasoning eyes to the Red river; let him look into a wide-spread farm at Alexandria,* and he would see that a good man, living in the bosom of his family, may render labor light and servitude a blessing, by ruling with a gentle hand and kind heart, the race who are doomed to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. This sight, if he have any scruples as to the righteousness of purchasing Cæsar, may remove them. But your word, Master Edward, might perhaps do more still towards leading him to do this great good—and will you not speak?"

Edward listened to the whole of this long speech with the most patient attention, and then said,

"You are right in believing that Mr. Steinmark would not, necessarily, become sinful by obtaining such possession of a slave as the laws of the country have power to give; and I have little doubt that, with such an object before him as the rescuing poor Cæsar, he would conquer the repugnance he feels to such a transaction. But I do not comprehend, Juno, how this letter, so strangely obtained by you from your master, nor how my advice to him that he should act upon it, can render it possible for him to negotiate the purchase of a runaway slave.—You know, Juno, that I do not love tricks and mystery."

Old Juno shook her head, and remained for a minute or two quite silent. Had any other so spoken to her, it is probable that her anger and indignation would have been pronounced in no measured terms; but her respect for Edward Bligh was most profound, and her love and reverence for all the sacrifices of safety and of peace which he was making for the unhappy people to whom she belonged, invested him with a sort of sacred authority in her eyes, which rendered it impossible that she should express anger for anything he could say.

Having subdued the feeling that might have led to disrespectful words, she replied, with the utmost deference, "Alas, master Edward!—how is such a one as I am to work out a good deed amongst the men we have got to deal with, except by tricks and seeming mystery?—Do you think, young gentleman, that if I were to go to Colonel Dart, or to Mr. Oglevie, and tell them the truth and no more, that all the dollars the good German has honestly won from our rich soil would induce either of them to resign Cæsar to his keeping?—Ah, master Edward, you know them better than to believe it."

"You are right—you are right; and perhaps I have been unjust to you, Juno," replied Edward, kindly, and feeling, indeed, that she spoke the truth: "I will take this letter to Mr. Steinmark, and will trust to your using such means as you have to make his interference effectual.—Farewell."

Juno watched him depart towards Reichland, rejoicing that she had found words to lead him to perform her will, which she certainly knew was a very honest one, in this instance at least; but spite of the gladness and even the triumph that cheered her, a tear dimed her eye as she looked after him.

"Too good for earth—too fit for heaven to bide long with us," she murmured, as she turned her steps homewards; and she pondered upon his probable destiny, till she herself almost doubted whether the dark future that seemed to open before her eyes were simply the effect of conjecture, or of a revealing of that which was to come, such as was not given to the minds of others.

The old woman reached her hut, weary and exhausted; but the sight of Cæsar's ecstacy at her probable success, as she sat beside the grave-like apartment he occupied, and recounted all she had done, and all she hoped to do, acted as a restorative; and before she slept, contrived to make the nervous Colonel Dart despatch a letter by the post, to Oglevie of the paper-factory, Ciceroville, requesting him, for very particular reasons, to accept the sum of one thousand dollars for Cæsar Bush, which a gentleman in the neighborhood of Paradise Plantation intended to offer him. The prudent Colonel ended his letter, even without the help of Juno, by remarking that he was too well known a disciplinarian for Mr. Oglevie to suspect that he meant to encourage a runaway, but that circumstances made it very desirable that Mr. Steinmark should be obliged in this matter.

Having thus well completed her day's work, Juno repaired to Peggy's hut, and received the reward of her benevolent labors from witnessing the joy her tidings occasioned. She led Phebe home with her as soon as everything appeared quiet, and once more permitted the sable lovers to enjoy the happiness of an interview, which not only the gay nature of Cæsar, but the really promising condition of their affairs, rendered infinitely happier than the last.—Lucky indeed was it for them that their old friend's measures had been so prompt and so successful: for an event occurred on the morrow which put them both as completely out of the head of the old woman as if they had never existed; and as the relating this obliges us to follow Juno to New-Orleans, it may be stated here, that the negotiation for the purchase of Cæsar being carried on exactly as she had dictated, proved completely successful. Frederic Steinmark paid a thousand dollars into the hands of an agent at Natchez, and received from him in return the documents necessary to give him the legal possession of Cæsar, who accordingly was found by the Steinmark family the day but one following the transaction busily engaged in earthing up sweet potatoes in the garden at Reichland.

As before this happened, old Juno was already on her way to New-Orleans, it is probable that all the exertions made for Cæsar would have been in vain, had not Edward Bligh shrewdly surmised that, in all human probability, Phebe knew all about it; so, as soon as the business was completed, and the transfer of the runaway legally achieved, he repaired to the hut of Peggy, and told her and her daughter what had been done. It will not be doubted that Juno's "company-chamber" was visited that night, or that the lovers enjoyed the repreive from danger so unexpectedly obtained. No sooner, indeed, had darkness so far settled upon the woods as to render the annoyance of troublesome questionings tolerably unlikely, than Peggy herself, accompanied by her three daughters, repaired to Cæsar's hiding-place, and returning thence to the laundry-house, enjoyed altogether an evening of greater happiness than they had tasted since the hour in which the slaves of the unfortunate Henry Bligh were put up for sale.

Early on the following morning, Cæsar was already laboring in the garden of Reichland.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It has been stated that Juno had again left Natchez for New-Orleans before the good work in which she had so assiduously exerted herself was completed; and it is necessary that the cause of this sudden departure should be now laid before the reader.—Early in the day which followed her last visit to Edward, Juno rambled down to Natchez-under-the-Hill, for the purpose of making a visit to an old free negro who held the post of receiver-general of all letters, packages, messages, and advices of all sorts addressed to her by steamboat from New-Orleans.

The place was not without profit and advantage of many kinds; but neither, on the other hand, was it by any means a sinecure,—for more negro gossip, creole scandal, and plantation secrets were transmitted to the reputed sorceress by this old man, who never failed to board every boat that approached the landing for the purpose of collecting the different missions they were sure to bring, than it would have been possible for her to obtain by any other means.

Hardly had Juno entered the hut which served as a mansion to the old man, than he presented to her a sealed packet which had arrived some hours before from New-Orleans. She immediately retired, as was her custom whenever news reached her in this form, to a low shed behind the building, where, seated on a block of wood, she broke the seal, and with considerable eagerness set about reading the contents. It came from a person of small importance in the circle in which he moved at New-Orleans, being a free quadroon, who for many years had carried on a very prosperous trade as a barber. The letter ran thus:

"MIS JUNO:

"This is from your frind Mr. Sam Wilmot. I have big news for you, Mis Juno. As sure as I live to tell it, your own truly-begot great-grand-daughter, Selina Croft by name, is living at this present riting, in New-Orleans. This will make you star, Mis Juno, and well it may, for it is a grit and unaccountable interference of Provydance. So it is, howsomever; and it is of course that you will come up, Mis Juno, and presint yourself to your posterity. I question if there is another in this big city that knows as much as I do of this rich and beautiful young lady; and knowing, Mis Juno, the spite of our enimyes upon us, I'll tak good eare that nobody shall know nothing from me. My three-pair-of-stairs back granary is not occpied at presint, Mis Juno, and you may rint the apartment as before. When you come, I will tell you all particulars how I made the discovery. But the best is, I'm pretty considerale sure that the father as brought her knows no more about her mother's decent than all the Creole folks as have made acquaintance with her. It is right and proper the young creature should be made to know her own blood relations; but excepting herself, and maybe her father, if I was you, Mis Juno, I'd jest keep the secret, and you may guess pretty easy why, seeing that lots of whites are making as much ado about her as if she was a right down princess. It will be for certain, Mis Juno, a pleasure for you to see such a lily-white posterity. Arnt the whites unaccountable, Mis Juno, that can't see how easy it is for black blood to turn white? 'Tis plain enough, that Goda'mighty has no objection whatever to it, at any rate. Good-by, Mis Juno, I shall be proud to see you, and I am your true friend,

"and most obedient humble servant,
"SAM WILMOT."

The effect produced by this letter on the body and soul of Juno, was tremendous. Her limbs shook as if she had been seized by sudden palsy, and for some time all the powers of her mind seemed threatening to leave her. All the strength and intellect left her were just sufficient to enable her to hide the precious letter in her bosom, and to totter forth from the place where she had read it into the open air, without uttering a single word of explanation to her puzzled agent.

Having reached a retired spot by the river-side, where no eye was near to watch her, she sat, or rather laid herself upon the ground, and gave free vent to the emotion that was swelling at her heart. It was long before the vehemence of her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her fully to be conscious what this news was to her; but as something like strength and composure returned; a feeling of happiness almost too great to bear, took possession of her, and there she continued stretched unmovable upon earth for many hours, her memory recalling the long-distant past so vividly as to make *all* present and actual circumstances appear vague and indistinct by the comparison. Among all other things, the situation of Cæsar was totally and altogether forgotten by her, and she at once decided upon going on board the first boat that should come down the river. The hoarded treasure of many years was always concealed about her person, and no preparation was necessary for her voyage, except the obtaining such refreshment as might give her strength to mount to the deck. This she speedily procured, and then sat herself under the old thorn beside the landing, waiting with the stillness of a statue for the vessel that was to convey her to New-Orleans.

The sun was setting when it arrived, but the hours she had waited had not been lost. She had passed this interval in earnest meditation on the great change she believed her hitherto sad destiny was about to undergo, and had so exactly arranged the manner of it, that all nervous agitation subsided, and she held herself prepared for the scenes in which she was to become a principal actor, with a degree of firmness and resolution which communicated itself to her outward bearing, and enabled her, the morning after she reached New Orleans, to receive the greeting of Whitlaw with the calmness and composure that have been described.

Several days elapsed after her arrival, before she sought the interview which her heart both longed for and dreaded. It was not fear, however, which caused the delay, but prudence. On reaching New Orleans, she found her friend, Mr. Wilmot: and as it was chiefly to letters and memoranda in his possession that she must apply, if the truth of her statement should be unhappily questioned, she postponed the awful visit till his return.

Meanwhile, however, she wearied not of walking round and round the house that contained her treasure; but the state and wealth which seemed to reign there, shook her confidence, and the poor old woman lived in alternate paroxysms of hope and fear, till the terrible moment which brought home to her heart the conviction that she could, perhaps, exercise a power that might blight the happiness of her descendant for ever, but that never, never could she hope either to give or receive the dear joy that affection alone can bestow, by claiming kindred with her.

Had such a scene as that described between Juno and the fair Selina, taken place some twenty years before, it is probable that it would have driven the old woman into raving madness; but strong as her feelings still were, they were tame and tranquil, compared to what they had been—and though her heart was wrung with a degree of anguish not easy to describe, her intellect stood the shock without her manifesting any symptoms of her former malady.

She shut herself up in her lonely garret, and for some days, only left it for the purpose of taking necessary food. At length her mind was made up, as to the line of conduct which she should pursue, and doing her best to render her appearance decent, she descended the innumerable stairs, and requested a private interview with her friendly host, Mr. Sam Wilmot, in his snug back parlor, at the early hour of seven in the morning.

The request was immediately granted: and as Mr. Wilmot, in common with many others, believed Juno to be free, she was desired to take a seat in his prosperous presence.

"Mr. Sam," said Juno, making a powerful effort to restrain all outward demonstration of sorrow, "you have been a good and kind friend to me, for many a year; and now at this last trial, you have done all that you thought would best please me.—But things have not turned out just quite as I thought they might, and so, Mr. Sam, I expect I had better go home again. But this I cannot do in peace and quiet, without your giving me a word of promise, Mr. Sam, that you will never, never, breathe to mortal man, woman, or child, that the Englishman's fair daughter is come of negro race. Will you promise this to me, Mr. Sam?"

"If it will please you, Miss Juno, I will be happy to promise it; though I can't but think 'tis an unnatural thing, too. However, I know better than to make or meddle, Miss Juno, with what does not concern myself, and I'm mum, you may 'pend upon it."

Having obtained this assurance, old Juno once more took her way to the house of Mr. Croft.—Wherever there are negroes, the entrance of a negro is easy: Juno had already propitiated the kindness of a black cook and scullion in Mr. Croft's kitchen; and she was courteously received when she again made her entry there.

"Can I see the young lady," she said, "before the business and bustle of the day begins? I am going away to-day, and I have still something I must say to her."

"Ah, Miss!" said the black cook, shaking her head very mournfully, "you have brough: sad work to pass. Is it true, I wonder, all that the white waiting-maid says?—did you tell the young lady, to her face, that she was come of nigger blood?"

Juno was greatly shocked to hear that her interview with her still fondly-cherished Selina had been made thus public; but finding that any farther attempt at concealment on her part must be in vain, she stated to her fellow-slave, in plain terms, the history of her relationship, and added, with as much composure as she could assume, that finding the knowledge of this gave the dear child too bitter pain and mortification to be endured, she was determined upon returning to her home at Natchez, as soon as she should have once more seen and bade her farewell.

"And fit and right, too, Miss, dat you should see your own—for so she is, do all dat dey can to hinder it. I hab a child, too, miss, and I know what it is to lub it."

"Then you will let me see her," said Juno, eagerly.

"Ay, miss, without doubt. The proud white maid is a-bed still, but Venus shall take you to her room."

Venus was accordingly summoned, and, to avoid disturbing Mr. Croft, led Juno by a back-stair to a door that opened into the young lady's dressing-room. She opened it gently, and pointing to that of the bed-chamber which stood half open, she said,

"Now go, miss—she be your own blood, and can't quarrel wid you; but I must go down stairs 'gen, or I shall catch it from Miss Susan."

Saying this, the girl retired, leaving Juno to make her way alone into the presence of her estranged descendant.

The old woman paused for a moment, as if to take breath and revive her sinking courage, and then, making an effort to overcome the trembling at her heart, she pushed open the door and entered the bed-room of Selina.

It was now past eight o'clock, but the bright daylight only found entrance there through the closed blinds; and on first going in, the effect to Juno's old eyes was that of almost perfect darkness; but by degrees the objects became visible, and she perceived that the fair creature to whom she came to bid adieu, was still in bed. The air of the room was loaded with the perfume of many flowers; and she observed, as she advanced, that a variety of blossoms lay scattered on the floor and dressing-table. All was profoundly still.

"She sleeps!" said Juno, in a whisper; "sweet child!—most beautiful Selina!—she sleeps the sleep of innocence and peace!"—Then softly approaching the bed, she continued, while her voice trembled with tenderness, "I will kiss her as she sleeps;—she will not know it,—she will not shrink from the hateful touch now, and at least I shall have lived to do that which my soul hath longed for through weary years. Selina!—my own Selina."

The faint light sufficed to show her, as she drew near, the fair young face that rested immovably on the pillow; the odor of sweet flowers became stronger still; and Juno, as she gazed between the curtains, perceived with surprise that the profusion of dark hair that flowed like sable drapery on each side the face, was bound by a wreath of orange-blossoms. The face beneath was whiter than they; and as the dim-eyed old woman gazed upon it, a strange terror seized her.

"Does she live?—does she breathe?" she cried, stretching out a shaking hand to touch her forehead. That touch shot like an ice-bolt through her heart, for her hand rested on the cold, marble brow of death.

"Oh, God!—I have killed her!—shrieked Juno, in bitter agony; "she saw me, she knew me, and she died!"

The old woman dropped on her knees beside the bed and sobbed aloud. Earnestly, most earnestly did she pray, that the pang that wrung her heart might end her being; but she still lived to look upon that pale and innocent face, so beautiful in death, so like the lovely visions that for long years had visited her dreams, and the terrible idea that her approach had killed her, drew forth the heaviest groans that her long-tortured spirit had ever uttered.

At length her reeling sense became calmer, and she remembered that the dead Selina was already cold when she first stretched out her hand to touch her. This thought for a moment seemed to bring relief; and she rose from her knees and looked around to discover, if possible, the cause and manner of her death.

Near to the bed stood a small writing-table, and on it lay a sealed letter. Juno seized it, and with little thought for whom it was intended, broke it open instantly, and, removing one of the blinds, read, with some difficulty, the following lines:

"My Father,—Ere these words meet your eyes, your miserable Selina will be no more!—But grieve not for this, kind and dear father!—She will be at rest, and that she could never be, as long as life flowed through veins stained like hers. Father! that man—that Whitlaw, whom my soul abhorred, as if by instinct—he knows the dreadful secret of my birth. He has been here, father; he has loaded me with insult—he permitted me to sit in his presence, as a matter of grace and favor—he offered, as an honor, to make me his mistress. Father! father!—forgive me! I cannot live to remember this.—My destiny, my frightful destiny, is the will of God. I know it, father; I know that this dreadful will was stamped upon my wretched race thousands of years ago.—But the Saviour has been since—the curse will not cling to us for ever!—Let me go to Him—He will pity and receive me. And you, too, father, pity and forgive me. I have this night taken bread and wine with you in His name, though you knew it not; and I felt it was a holy sacrament, and you blessed me. But do not wish me to live and hear again such words as Whitlaw spoke to me today. No, father, no; I cannot live!—*My punishment is greater than I can bear.* Farewell!—kind and dear father, farewell!—we shall meet in heaven.

SELINA."

In many places there were traces of tears upon the paper, and the whole of it was evidently written in great and terrible agitation. But the deliberate preparation—the wreath that bound her virgin brow—the flowers that were strewed upon her couch—and still more, the supper of bread and wine to which she alluded, plainly showed that it was not in a moment of sudden agony that she resigned her life, but that many hours of meditation had preceded the act. A small bottle, labelled "laudanum," which made part of their travelling medicine-chest, stood on the toilet, and indicated, with sufficient clearness, the manner of her death.

Slowly and with faltering steps, did Juno pace round the fatal chamber, conning over every object that served to interpret the tale of wo of which it was the scene. It seemed that the unhappy girl had placed herself on the ground to prepare her funeral wreath; for at one point the floor was strewed with fragments of leaves and stems, and close beside it stood her toilet-stool, covered with the relics of the beautiful gleaning which she had gathered with her own hands, and borne in her bosom to her chamber.

With her habitual acuteness, nothing blunted by the sorrow at her heart, Juno pondered on all she saw, till every scene and act of the tragedy became intelligible to her. Then did she sadly turn again to the light, and once more peruse the letter of Selina.

There is ever a strong propensity in the human mind to exonerate the conscience from its share of whatever suffering weighs upon the spirits, by laying the guilt that produced it, on another.—Juno's first pang, as she gazed on the dead Selina, was that of self-reproach. It was her thoughtless and selfish pride that had brought sorrow and destruction on the unhappy girl, and gladly would she have redeemed the fault by resigning her own remnant of life to restore her. But now it was Whitlaw against whom all the anguish that wrung her heart, turned for atonement and revenge; it was no longer herself, but the detested Whitlaw, who had laid her low; and the springs of life seemed renewed in their energy, as she once more dropped upon her knees beside the bed of death, and registered in heaven a vow of fearful vengeance.

She arose from her terrible orison, calm, firm, and confident in strength; and replacing the letter on the desk, returned by the way she came, just as the hand of the English waiting-maid was attempting in vain to open the usual door of entrance to the chamber of her mistress.

Greatly to the comfort of Juno, she found her way out of the house without interruption; and shrinking from the task of relating the scene she had witnessed, to any one, she instantly determined, with her usual promptitude of action, to leave New Orleans immediately.

"At home," she muttered—"it is at home, in my own silent, quiet hut, that all the thoughts that now roll through my brain like the dark clouds of a coming thunder-storm, must be gathered together—and then they will take form and substance—and then they will burst—and then the bolt will fall!"

Extracts from "Means and Ends of Self-Training."

WHAT IS EDUCATION.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"What is education?" asked a teacher of a class of girls. Young persons, when asked such general questions, do not reply promptly. They have no thoughts on the subject, and therefore have nothing to say; or, their thoughts not being arranged, they are not ready to answer; or, they may be too diffident to answer at all. On this occasion, half the girls were silent, and the rest replied, "I don't know, sir."

"Oblige me, girls, by saying something," urged the teacher. "The word is not Greek—surely you have some ideas about it. What is your notion of education, Mary Bliss?"

"Does is not mean, sir, learning to read and write?" Mary Bliss paused, and the girl next her added, "and cyphering, sir, and grammer, and geography?"

"Yes, it means this, and something more. What is your idea of education Sarah Johnson?"

"I did not suppose education meant much more than the girls have mentioned, sir. Mr. Smith said, at the Lyceum Lecture, that the great mass of the people received their education at the common schools; and the girls have named nearly all that we learn at the common schools."

"Does not education mean," asked Maria Jarvis, "the learning young men obtain at colleges? I often hear people say of a man that he has 'had an education,' when they mean merely that he has been through college."

"You are right, Maria, in believing this to be a commonly received meaning of the term, 'education:'—but it means more, and as it is important to you to have right and fixed ideas on this subject, I earnestly beg you to give me your attention, while I attempt to explain to you its full meaning.

"A great man, Mr. Locke, said, 'that the difference to be found in the manners and abilities of men, is owing more to their education than any thing else.' Now, as you are acquainted with men who have never seen the inside of a college, and yet who are superior in 'manners and abilities' to some others who have passed four of the best years of their lives there, you must conclude that education is not confined to college walls.

"You are born with certain faculties. Whatever tends to develop and improve these, is education.—Whatever trains your mental powers, your affections, manners, and habits, is education. Your education is not limited to any period of your life, but is going on as long as you live. Whatever prepares you to be a profitable servant of God, and a faithful disciple of Christ—whatever increases your reverence and love of your Maker—all that in the Scripture is called 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,' is a part of your religious *education*.

"Whatever you do to promote your health, to develop and improve the strength and powers of your body, is a part of our physical *education*."

"What, sir?" interrupted Mary Lewis "do you mean running, and jumping rope, and trundling hoops, and clambering over rocks; is that a part of *education*?"

"I certainly do—but why do you laugh, my dear child?"

"Because, sir, I never knew that education meant any thing so pleasant as that. I wish my mother could hear you, sir; she would let me play more, instead of studying all the time, if she only knew that driving hoop was called *education*."

The teacher smiled and proceeded—"Whatever calls forth your affections and strengthens them, whatever directs and subdues your passions, whatever cultivates your virtues, and whatever improves your manners, is a part of your moral *education*."

"Then," said the same lively little girl, "that is what my mother means when she says 'there is a *lesson* for you, Anne!' every time any one of the family does any good thing. It seems to me I am *educating* all the time."

"You are, Anne—the world is your school, and good examples are your very best lessons. Whatever unfolds the faculties of your mind, improves your talents and augments your stores of knowledge, is a part of your intellectual *education*.

"Whatever improves your capacity for domestic affairs, or for business of any sort, is a part of your economical education. Now you will perceive from what I have said, that education is not confined to schools and colleges, but that as Anne has very well remarked, we are 'educating all the time.' Nor is the conduct of education confined to professed teachers; we are educating one another;

"While I am teaching you geography and arithmetic, you are perhaps trying my patience, or by your own patience calling forth my gratitude. If I make progress in these virtues you are helping on my moral education.

"The knowledge you impart to one another, the kindness you receive, the love you exchange, are all a part of your education." When you learn to sweep a room, to make a bed, or a cup of tea, a shirt, or a loaf of bread, you are getting on in your education.

"Every thing around us, my children, may help forward this great work. The sun, the moon, and the stars teach their sublime lessons. 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.' The seasons make their revelations. The rain and snow, dews and frost, the trees and rocks, fruits and flowers, plants, herbs, the very stones and grass we tread upon, are full of instructions to those who study them.

"All the events and circumstances of your lives are contributing to your education. Your class-mate, Lucy Davis, has been absent from school the last two months. Reflect on what I have been saying to you, and then tell me whether Lucy, during this time, though she has not looked into a school-book, has made any progress in her education."

The girls were silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Maria Jarvis spoke first.

"Lucy's 'economical education,' as you call it, sir," she said, "has been going on, for she has had the care of the family, and every thing to do, all through her mother's illness."

"And I guess she has been going on in her 'moral education,'" interposed little Mary Lewis; "for I never saw any body so patient as she was with her mother's cross baby."

"And she has not lost this opportunity for improving in her religious education," resumed the teacher. "You all saw her yesterday at her mother's funeral, subduing the grief of her little sisters by her quiet resignation and affectionate devotion to them. Ah, she has been taking lessons in more important branches of education than are taught in schools.

"So you see, my dear children, that life is a school—a primary school; and that we are all scholars, and are all preparing for a day of examination, when the infallible Judge will decide how we have profited by our means of *education*.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

De Lamartine, in his delightful book called "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," relates the following oriental legend, preserved in the tradition of the Arabs, detailing the circumstances which dictated Solomon's selection of a site for the Temple.

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field, and the ground on which the temple now stands was the joint inheritance of two brothers; one of whom was married and had several children, the other lived a bachelor. They cultivated in common the field which had devolved on them in right of their mother. At harvest time, the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made of them two equal stacks, which they left upon the field. During the night a good thought presented itself to the younger: 'My brother' said he to himself 'has a wife and children to maintain. It is not just that our shares should be equal; let me, then, take a few sheaves from my stack, and secretly add them to his; he will not perceive it, and therefore cannot refuse them.' This project the young man immediately executed.

That night the elder awoke, and said to his wife, 'My brother is young, and lives alone, without any companion to assist him in his labors, or console him under his fatigues. It is not just that we should take from the field as many sheaves as he does.—Let us get up and secretly carry a certain number of sheaves to his stock; he will not find it out, and therefore cannot refuse them. They did so accordingly.

The next day both brothers went to the field, and each was much surprised to find the two stacks alike; neither being able in his own mind to account for the prodigy. They pursued the same course for several successive nights; but as each carried to his brother's stack the same number of sheaves, the stacks still remained equal; till one night, both determining to stand sentinel, to elucidate the mystery, they met—each bearing the sheaves destined for his brother's stack.

Now the spot where so beautiful a thought occurred to two men, and was so perseveringly acted upon, must be a place agreeable to God; and men blessed it, and chose it whereon to build a house to His name.

I have heard among the Arabs, a hundred legends of the same description. The air of the Bible is breathed all over the East."

WOMAN.

After mentioning Tacitus' account of the bravery of the German women, and of their being respectfully consulted on important public affairs, Kinnont says: "You ask me if I consider all this right, and deserving of approbation; or that women were here engaged in their appropriate tasks. I answer yes; it is just as right that they should take this interest in the honor of their country, as the other sex. Of course, I do not think that women were made for war and battle; and *neither do I believe that men were*. But since the fashion of the times had made it so, and settled it that war was a necessary element of greatness, and that no safety was to be procured without it, I argue that it shows a healthful state of feeling in other respects, that the affections of both sexes were *equally* enlisted in the cause; that there was no division in the *house* or the *state*; and that the serious pursuits and objects of the one were also the serious pursuits and objects of the other.—*Kinmont's Natural History of Man.*

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